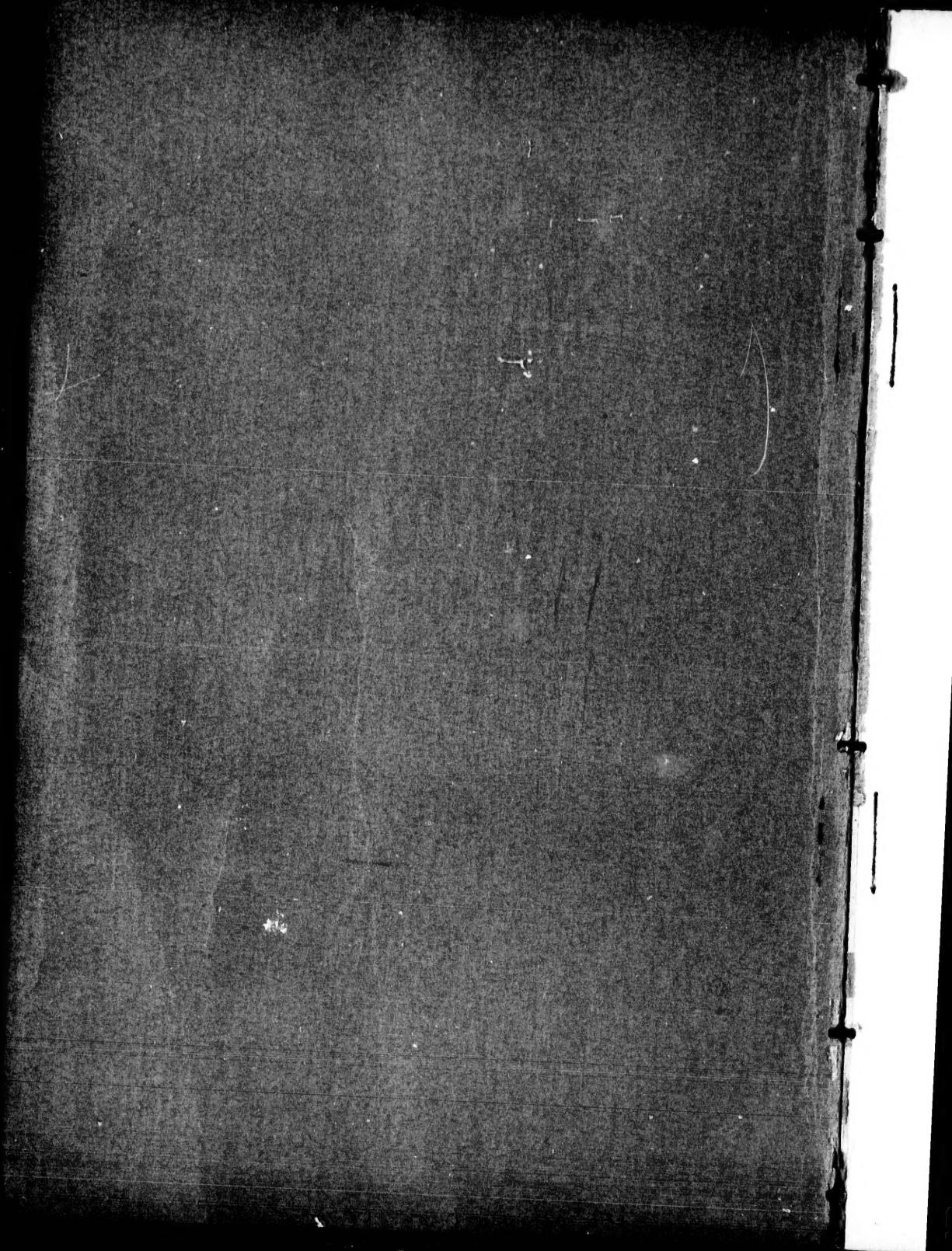


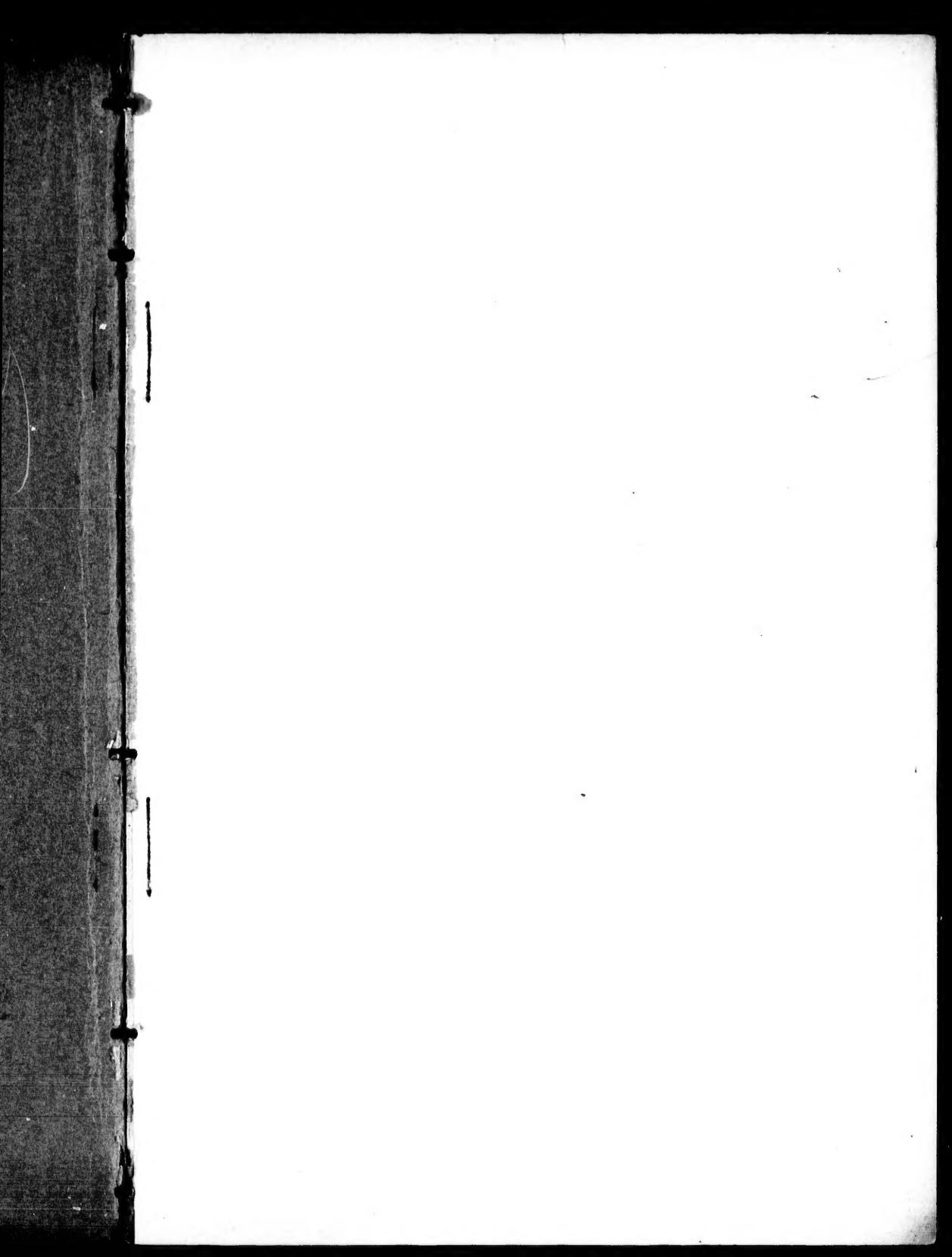
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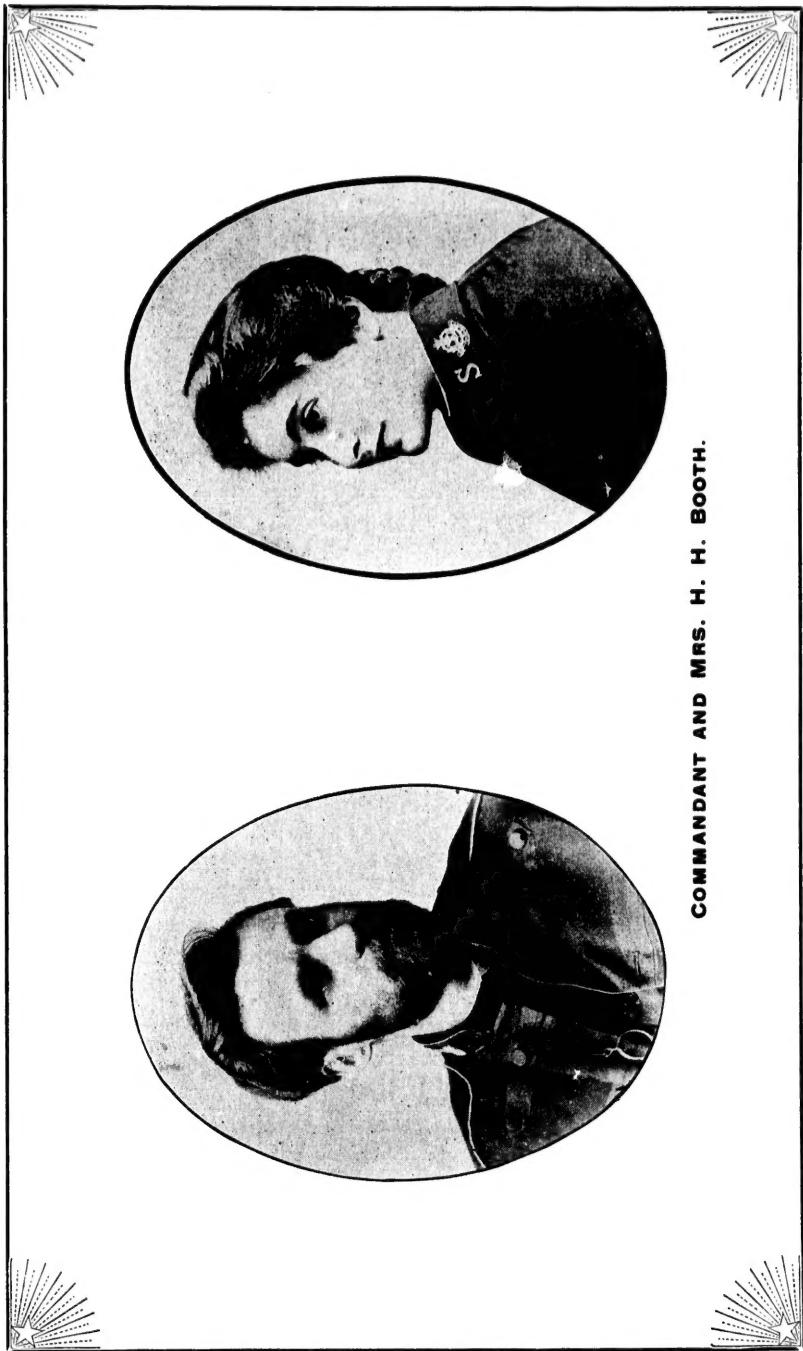
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Osmañi Conquests,

1856.







COMMANDANT AND MRS. H. H. BOOTH.



FROM

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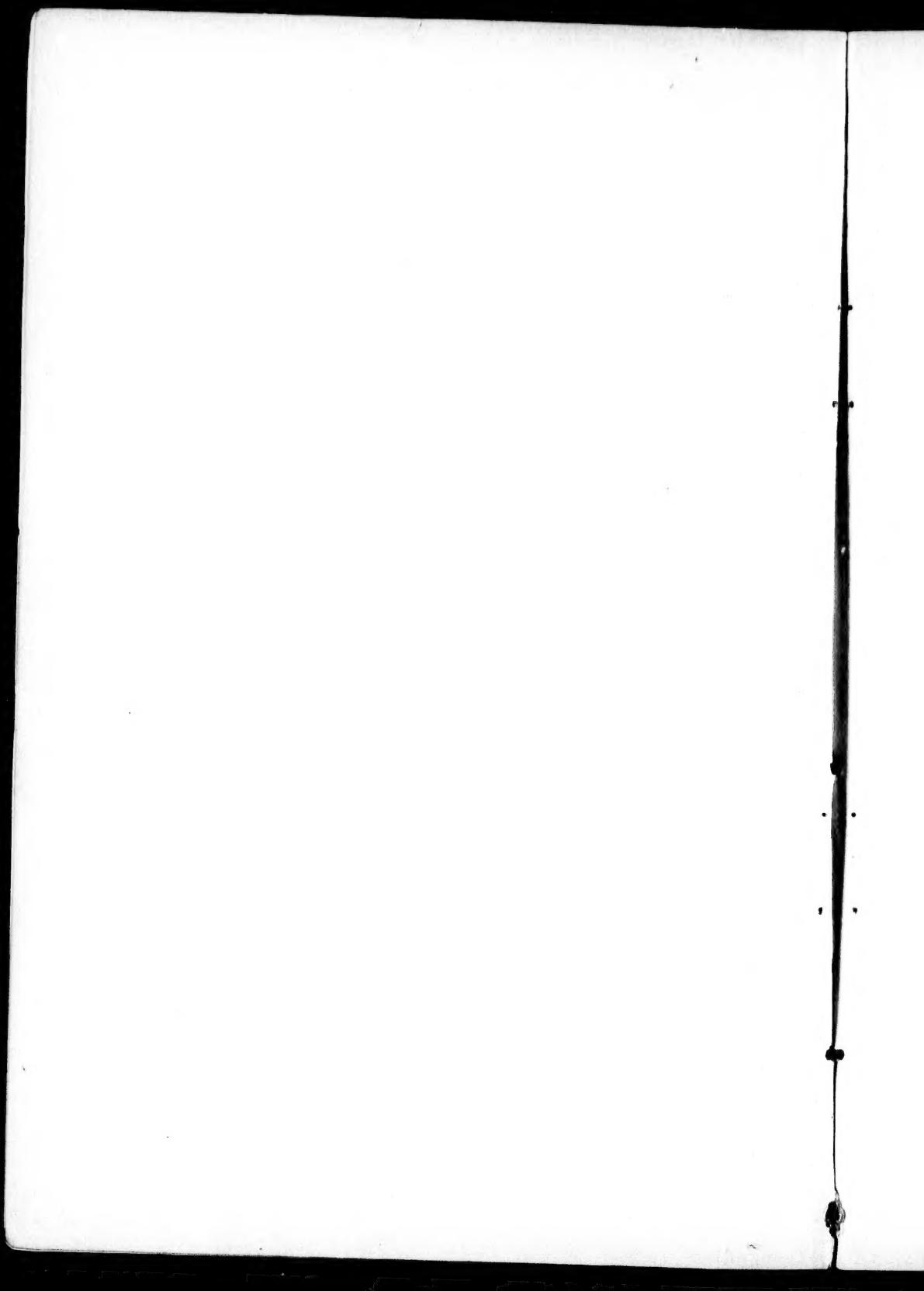
Victory;

OR,

Canadian Conquests,

1894.

PRINTED AT THE S. A. PRINTING WORKS,
ALBERT STREET, TORONTO.





Our Leaders.

CHAPTER I.

"The greatest powers you meet with are unseen—depression, sorrow, despondency; but they all flee away before the name of Jesus."—*The Commandant*.



IRST and foremost, 1894 has been a year of steady CONSOLIDATION, a year of unity, a year of HARD WORK. From Halifax to Vancouver it has been one ceaseless tension of desperate grappling with the principalities and powers of darkness, under various forms or disguises.

OUR CHIEFTAIN is a busy man—a man of an exceptionally active brain—and it would seem that he has enthused his own tireless spirit throughout the length and breadth of our land.

From Commandant to recruit, hard work, and plenty of it, has been the joyful song to which our forces have marched. Is it any wonder that victory has crowned the day?—and now we surely know the rising tide is with us. The stick-to-it-and-conquer spirit has prevailed on every side. Whether at Headquarters, where the little company remaining have been forced to work at almost night and day pressure; or at the Provincial Headquarters, where the strain has been almost as great; at the desk or on the platform; whether behind the scenes or

Consolidation.

Stick to it and conquer.

I'M GOD'S LITTLE CHILD," replied LIEUTENANT MOSSES, of the Children's Shelter, when they told her that her short hours were numbered.

"This is the happiest moment of my life."

So she passed away.

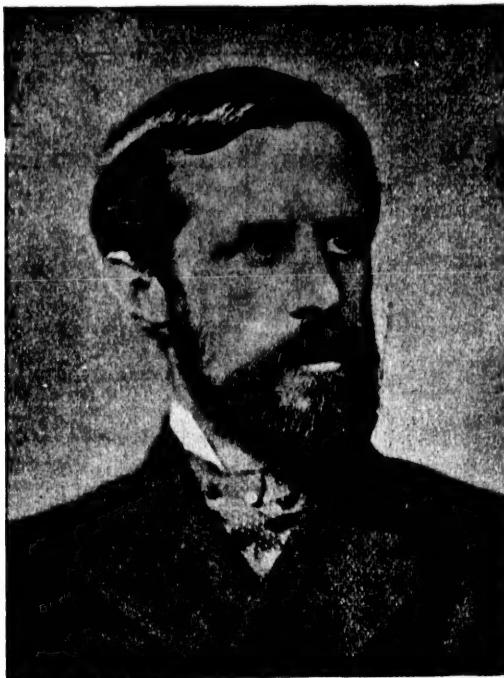
Just about the same time the brother of Brigadier de Barritt was crossing the river. "JESUS, I WANT TO GO. Come now quickly. I'M ALL RIGHT, HALLELUJAH!" and his soul had fled.

This is the way they quit the war—our comrades, beside whom we toil and fight—they pass from our view with songs of rejoicing, whether standing in the front or the rear of the battle.

In the East.

before there has been the same resolute spirit of solid work.

Whether in the Arctic winter, or the semi-tropical summer ; either when the frost-laden blizzards have been "strong enough to strangle a polar bear," or when the heat of the summer months has forced us to concentrate our efforts in the open-air, we have worked unflinchingly. We have toiled in the East, in



LORD ABERDEEN.

Brigadier Jacobs' domain ; in Newfoundland, amongst the fisher-folk, from where Staff-Captain Read could report :—"I have just returned from a tour north, around Trinity and Bonavista Bays. In all, I walked twenty-four miles in order to fulfil our appointments, sailed a very small schooner on a rough sea over one hundred miles, conducted twenty-seven meetings, and

Until the close of her life, comparatively little known amongst us, Lieutenant Mosses was, nevertheless, recognized as an earnest and efficient officer. Of the four years' service in the field the best part was spent in the Montreal Division. There she struggled bravely amongst the many discouragements of small corps, where it is often so difficult to gather a congregation together.

At the Montreal Councils in April, she received orders for the Rescue Work in Toronto.

Transferred from there to the Children's Shelter, it seemed to her she was now in her right place at last, for two years, even previously, she had volunteered for this post, feeling herself especially suited for the work amongst the neglected little ones.

But God had other plans for her,

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was gone from St. Johns sixteen days. Eighteen miles of the fifty-five was through soft snow up to my knees, and that on the first of May."

We have toiled in the West, whether touring with Brigadier Margetts, or riding over the mountains of British Columbia, with our Outriders, some of them averaging 250 miles a week through a great wild tangle of forest and water course, entering into the life of the settlers in their districts, and becoming well acquainted with everybody. They must be instant in season and out of season, and ever ready to bring men into the kingdom; they do not deal with souls in masses, as in cities and towns, but have to search them out one by one oftentimes. Striking out into the great forest on foot, the Outriders press on over the rough woods and trails. "Mighty cedars lift their lofty heads far above; tall ferns, high as a man's head, cover the ground with their green, and in every direction deep shadows, fallen trees, shrubs, and blackened stumps, make an almost impenetrable tangle. The rough road in places is lifted over bogs with corduroy or cedar puncheons, and snakes its way through the dense growth without regard to geometrical lines."

But whoever may have worked the hardest, our Chieftain has kept step with the best, and surpassed us all.

The mere outline of his journeyings to and fro reads like a romance, in its varied interest, while it conveys no idea of the exhausting wear and tear of the weight of responsibility that rests upon the shoulders of the man at the helm.

After visiting Cobourg, Belleville, Kingston, etc., it was not to be wondered that the Commandant was obliged to attend to the demands of an exhausted physical frame. Who can be surprised, remembering the heavy strain involved in the superintendence of our recent entire change of front, with the tremendous issues then at stake?

"*The Circle Scheme has got to go,*" the Commandant declared at the outset. Now, after a year's trial, we can assert that the new plans not only have worked well, but are developing rapidly with glorious results.

During the Commandant's brief but severe sickness, Mrs. Booth stepped forward and supplied his vacant place on the platform, handling the reins of government in the same graceful manner she has done many another time, both before and

In the West.

'Our Chieftain'

He falls sick.

No sooner down
but up again.

After a while she fell sick and was forced to rest. Only a little space, however, for seeming a trifle better she was driven down to the Home of Rest. The next day we heard she was *dead*. Her devoted work behind the scenes all finished.

"The only thing I feel sorry about, is that I didn't do more for God," so she told us before the last farewell.

A hundred Toronto Officers met at the funeral on the Queen's Birthday. The coffin was placed on the little green outside the Home of Rest, and an open-air ring held around the gun-carriage. Again at the grave Mrs. Booth conducted a pathetic and impressive service, whilst her comrades and some of the little Shelter children, hand in hand, stood around the grave.

Montreal.

since, especially during the Commandant's absence on his long visits from home.

No sooner down, however, than our leader was up again, and into the heart of 'the fray.'

At the meeting in Montreal, in connection with the opening of the Shelter, in spite of a blinding snow storm, a large and sympathetic crowd gathered in St. James' Church. Especially we recall the words of Dr. Douglas, who has since farewelled the scene of earth's strife for the realms of endless day.

Dr. Douglas.

When the chairman called on Dr. Douglas, a rousing cheer greeted the white-haired veteran, as he arose to his feet, and for a short time he held the crowd, as in measured accents he addressed them. Among other things he said :—“ I never felt more honored than I do to have the privilege of standing on this platform with a representative of the Booth family ;” and again, “ There is no woman of the nineteenth century at whose shrine my spirit would be more deeply moved than at that of the sainted Mrs. Booth.” A glad shout of praise went up when the dear old man said, “ I want to hear you Salvationists say ‘ Hallelujah ! ’ ”

**“Welcome,
Brigadier de
Barritt.”**

Scarcely had Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt been welcomed to our shores from Buenos Ayres, and fairly installed in Toronto, than the Commandant once more farewelled for a long trip across the Rocky Mountains, through the prairie lands of Manitoba, and the wilds of British Columbia.

**“ Farewell,
Commandant,
bound for the
North West.”**

After a good bye meeting at the Temple, the Toronto Salvationists gathered at the busy depot to pray him away with a hearty “ God bless you, Commandant, and bring you safe home ! ”

A never-to-be-forgotten time was the reception meeting to the Commandant at Winnipeg station, where the Salvationists of the West, in company with Brigadier Margetts and Staff-Captain Cox, tendered a most enthusiastic reception to the General's youngest son.

**Across the
Rockies.**

In fact, all along the line of tour, in the thick of most desperate battles for souls, the Commandant was greeted with immense crowds, and hearty expressions of sympathy and welcome, both from outside friends and from our own soldiers.

The journey across the Rockies is always exceedingly interesting—providing you are not too car-sick to appreciate it. The “ Brother from California ” (Staff-Captain Milsaps) met the Commandant and journeyed a part of the way with him, reporting

WHEN STAFF-CAPTAIN STREETON first heard the Salvation Army soldiers, they were singing :

“ My Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! ”

He considered himself quite a moral young man at the time, but all the same it was strangely impressed upon him that he would some day have to join these odd people, with their eccentric ways.

He was a clerk at the time in Grantham, and his parents were Wesleyan Methodists.

Sure enough, according to his impressions, it was not long before he knelt at the

the country with some delightful word-painting. He speaks of "the rugged rocks and deep ravines *en route*; the rolling, roaring, and sometimes mad waters of 'The Bow,' 'The Columbia,' 'The Thompson,' and 'The Fraser' rivers; the marvellous mountain scenery, the mighty canyons, and terrible gorges; the remarkable ranges of 'The Selkiiks,' and other huge mountains with their snow-tipped peaks piercing the sky, and the clinging, twisting wonderful Canadian Pacific Railway, winding its way round about this seemingly impassable rocky and mountainous district, which not only supplied food for the deepest interest and personal pleasure, but to those hearts who are washed in Blood divine, made one feel like bursting forth in adoration and praise."

Mercifully God's hand was guiding and protecting His servants in the midst of unforeseen danger.

A psalm of thanksgiving arose when we learnt that our leader had escaped unscathed from the terrors of a railway collision, when two engines travelling at terrific speed dashed into one another.

Afterwards the Commandant, reviewing the past, wrote of it in the following thrilling fashion:—"One scene connected with my recent trip to the North-West is, I think, indelibly impressed on my mind. After the first shock of the collision, which so nearly cost us our lives, we hastened to the spot where the locomotives had rushed at each other. A ghastly scene presented itself. The force of the blow had jammed the tender of the engine back on to the platform of the baggage car. This monster of iron had crushed before its weight and force the woodwork and railing of the trolley, crowding the space with a tangled mass of metal and wreckage. Then under the glare of the torchlight there appeared, as if silently giving the last appeal for succor, a man's hand and leg. The hand was dashed with blood, and the leg appeared as if already set in death. Nothing more of that poor fellow could be seen; nothing more was ever heard. Back further, still more horrible was reflected by the scanty lights. A head of hair, under which every now and then two flaming eyes opened with a look of pleading, and a husky voice with the sound of death told the agony of still another victim. It was a moment when the hopelessness of the dead and the hopelessness of the dying were depicted at the same instant by one act in the drama of life. The bleeding hand, the flattened leg, seemed to

In Perils by
land and by sea

Unhurt in the
terrible
collision.

penitent-form and found salvation. However, not being asked to become a soldier, he joined the church as a member, attending the Salvation Army meetings all the time.

Soon he began to feel, however, that since he was born in the Army, the Army and nowhere else was his home. He was enrolled as a soldier under Colonel Eadie, and fought on for eighteen months.

Then he applied for the work and was accepted by the Commandant. He was soon a Cadet at Clapton. He took part in the Life Guards' march, and became familiarly acquainted with the riots at Tunbridge and Dartmouth.

Promoted Lieutenant, he served as Cashier and Secretary to Miss Charlesworth (now Mrs. Ballington Booth), on a tour.

"Get me out."

In Chinese quarters.

Harvest supplies from the great Salmon river.

"Home once more."

A thousand Indians of the furthest North.

say, 'Leave me alone now, you can help me no more ;' while the sepulchral voice, the flaming eyes, spoke with infinite pathos, 'Get me out if you can ; while life lingers and hope lasts, get me out !'

"Since that deathly moment my mind has often contemplated the truths taught by that ghastly vision of the night."

On board the steamer from Vancouver to Nanaimo the Captain hoisted the yellow, red, and blue in honor of the Army. Music and gladness on board turned the trip into a true Salvation jubilee.

Not alone were the Canadians visited, but the Chinese quarters of the city received a call from the Commandant. The Indians, also, with their squaws and papooses, were cheered by the strains of his concertina. Down in the depths of a coal-mine, too, he received a kindly reception.

A visit to the cannery resulted in a bountiful supply of salmon for the Social Wing as a thank-offering to the Harvest Festival. What a scene—where "the broad, beautiful river rolled its turbid tide towards the sea, and down the current the swift little craft sped between banks of living green. The stately firs lifted their dark fronded heads above the green of willows like sentinels along the shore. Canoes and Indian dug-outs were tied to the banks in small fleets at divers places, and nets hanging on frames. The Fraser River is one of the great salmon runs of the world, and produces many tons of fish per annum."

With great sound of rejoicing and flourish of trumpets the long-absent Commandant was welcomed home amongst his forces in Toronto, where we had held on under the direction of Brigadier de Barritt. The record presented to our Chieftain then was one of solid and joyous victory.

The following interesting letter is enough to make us once and forever pluck up heart and sow beside all waters, even though the result may not appear for many days. At some time there has been the word of the Kingdom freely given, and behold we hear of 1000 Indians in love with the Salvation Army. This is the letter :

Commissioner Salvation Army :

DEAR BROTHER IN THE GOSPEL,—Enclosed please find part payment for three Salvation song books with words and music.

There are over a thousand people have taking up the name of Salvation Army, divided into three corps; the one I have established called "Church

On a Songster Trip and a Life Guards' march he still assumed the role of Cashier. The same on an International Tour of Foreigners, led by the General, in 1889. He was then promoted to the Training Home Staff, with the rank of Captain. Next at the Central Division, with his headquarters at Northampton. Then to the Birmingham Division to assist.

He accompanied the Life Guards' March to bombard Berkshire and Hertfordshire. Part of his duty then was to pioneer preliminary trips on the line of march.

Southampton provided him some hard work, still in the financial line, in the division under Colonel Rees.

At Bedford, about this time, he was married by the Commandant.

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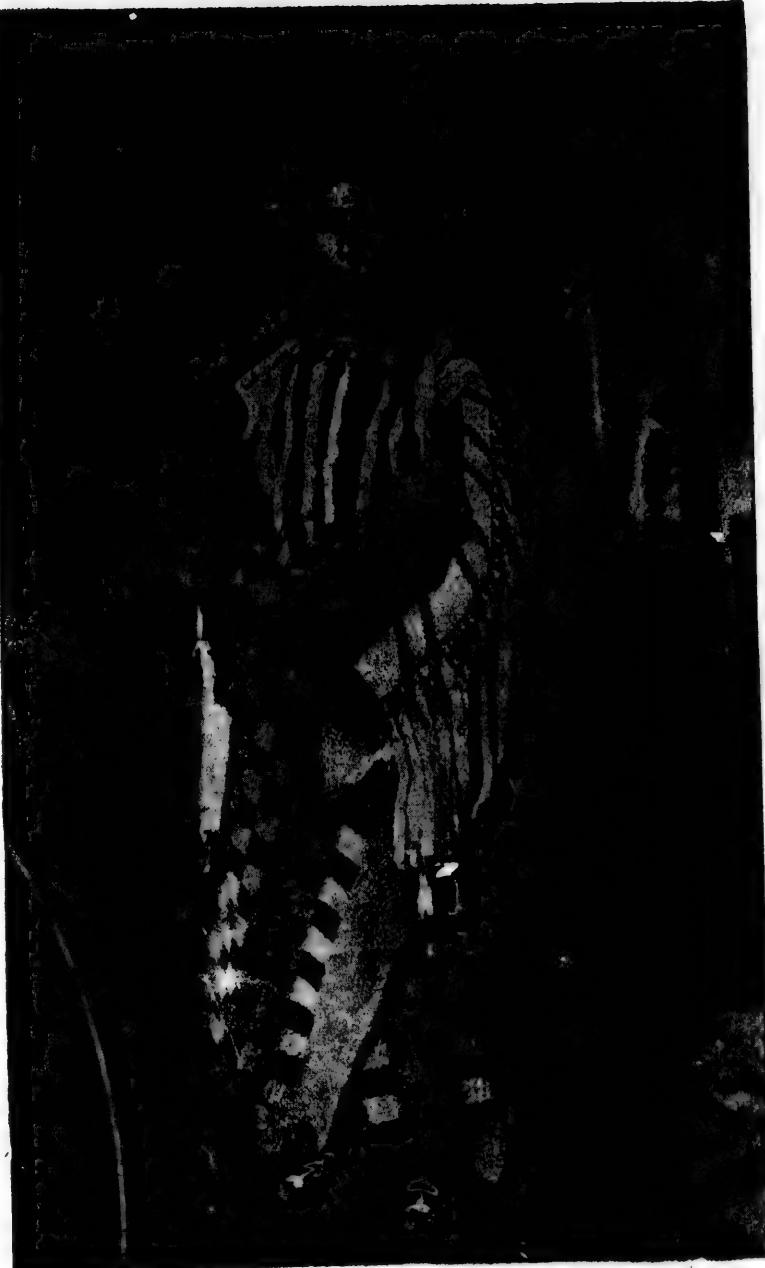
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YOUR BROTHER—"THE NOBLE RED MAN."

Ambulance Corps," and another one "Band of Workers," and one "Red Cross." Those are hard at fight every day for the Lord. We got our compass—the Bible—but we haven't got our paddle—the songs of salvation. So I'm in no doubt that you will help us along.

I send my best regards to you and any armies in your town. Pray for us, dear friends. *We are all Indians of the furthest north, near the boundary of Alaska and British Columbia.*

Please send me copy of WAR CRY, also refer me where to get some S. A. uniforms.

JOHN ERNEST EDWARDS.

Kincolith, Naas Mouth, B.C., Can.

Germany's great leader.

An outburst of joy.

We capture the heart of Commissioner Railton.

Lord Aberdeen appointed Governor General.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the week of Self-Denial and the Twenty New Canadians came the introduction by the Commandant of Germany's great leader, who was welcomed amidst an outburst of genuine soul-saving zeal and joy.

A red-letter day indeed was the visit of Commissioner Railton to our city. Brief as to time, it was, nevertheless, a source of pleasure, comfort and inspiration. He inspected our various properties and institutions, and returned to the General to report our fighting condition A. 1. Afterwards the Commissioner wrote us in this strain:—"I little imagined that I should see anything so much more all-reaching as the Sunday occupation of Toronto by the Army's forces, apart even from Self-Denial week and the extraordinary advertising tactics carried out even in the crowded Saturday evening streets by the illumination forces under the able leadership of Brigadier de Barratt. I had indeed hoped, as expressed in my former letter, that Canada would be able to do something more all-comprehensive and universally-sensational than had been accomplished in England, but I had no idea this could go so far until I saw it with my own eyes during the glorious Sunday, which I can never forget spending amongst you. I must confess I hoped mainly to do some comforting during my brief call upon our blessed leaders, but instead of having to comfort I go away abundantly comforted by witnessing one of the greatest outbursts of salvation, faith and hope that I have ever seen. It is faith that brings the triumph every time."

The appointment of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the Governor-Generalship of Canada previous to this was another event of deep interest to Salvationists. The Commandant visited their Excellencies, who expressed themselves in terms of gracious sympathy. Their practical benevolence is already widely felt.

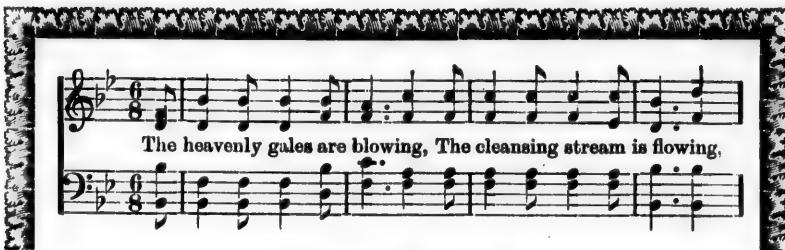
When Colonel Lawley was appointed Chief of the Candidates' Department, to travel round the country to interview Candidates, Captain Streeton was promoted Adjutant to assist in the office work.

In 1890 he became Staff-Captain. No easy position was that of Intelligence Secretary to the northern half of England, under Major Eadie (now Colonel).

The last position before leaving England was Chancellor to the Eastern Province.

"When can you start for Canada?" said Mr. Bramwell Booth.

"AT ONCE, Chief," was the prompt reply. So twenty days after found Canada's new Financial Secretary safely installed at work in Toronto.



The Field.

CHAPTER II.

"Heaven is not peopled by the bayonet and the bullet, but by redeeming grace."—
THE COMMANDANT.



WHILE the Spiritual Campaign throughout has been one of glorious soul-saving, the stupendous revolution in the whole plan of Army Government in Canada, has led to rearrangements, and upheavals incalculable. The alteration and extension of the organization in every way has been most remarkable, with palpable result in various directions.

It has been proved—as hopefully predicted at the onset—that the CIRCLE CORPS SCHEME, with the development of the Provincial arrangement, has not only brought about a salutary division of labor, but it has also provided almost endless suggestion for the outlet of the sturdy enterprise and energy of the new Staff. In every step of this newly-tried path God's guiding hand has been with us, for, in the teeth of many adverse influences, we have floated buoyantly over the difficulties that threatened to throttle our vital spark of life and hope.

Amongst the most essential results produced by the new scheme, has been the marked effect upon the expenditure, so

A solid year of glorious soul saving.

The Circle Corps scheme afloat.

Relief for the exhausted exchequer.

MAJOR COMPLIN was dedicated to the service of God when but an infant of a few hours in his father's arms. The influence of the Divine Spirit seems to have been shed around his tiniest childhood.

At the age of seven he was conscious of an audible voice reprobating him for some sin he was about to commit. But, as it often happens, for want of definite direction he drifted away from the light, first wondering at, and then grieving the Holy Spirit. In his schoolboy days he gained some religious knowledge, but it appears to have been rather of his head, than of his heart.

When about fifteen he left home, making for a solicitor's office in Chancery Lane, London. He was scared from the law, however, by a little scene which daily met his eyes

Unity.

relieving the almost insupportable burden of the finance, and the exhausting demand upon the exchequer at Headquarters.

The balm of sympathy.

Above all—among countless causes for unspeakable gratitude to Heaven—there has been a delightful spirit of unity, marking the year's advance.

Music.**Old-fashioned songs revived.**

In the midst of our baptism of suffering we learnt to comfort one another with the balm of sympathy. Brotherly-kindness has been the password, resulting in a blessed blending of heart and spirit, "like a great organ whose pipes and manuals—perfectly adjusted to one another—yield a perfect harmony to the touch of the master-player." So in the very face of circumstances that have filled us with crushing heart-ache, there has sprung up a new melody. We have seen the Kings' soldiery march past to the song of faith and hope learnt even in the hour of darkness.

MUSIC has been a powerful factor in the conquests we have won. Old-fashioned songs—buried some of them since the days of early Methodism—have been revived, and brought to the front, to be sent sweeping, irresistible in their intangible might, through the length and breadth of the Dominion, bearing souls to Heaven on the wings of melody. It is everywhere admitted that the sweetest songs are always those inspired in the midst of unusual stress of feeling, or in the hour of suffering, and this year has not gainsaid the fact. The pens of our leaders have been busy, and the new songs of Commandant and Mrs. Booth, inspired on Canadian soil, will live for long to come in Salvation story.

But whether in the field, or in any other direction there has been one perpetual and harassing problem to be faced at every turn :

OFFICERS—*What to do for officers!*

"We must have more hands!" has been the appeal from right and left. Especially in Ontario has this pinch been felt with cruel force. For the year round the greater part of our Captains have been fighting unlieutenant and alone. Whilst in some places the soldiers, entirely unofficered, have held the fort themselves with noble perseverance.

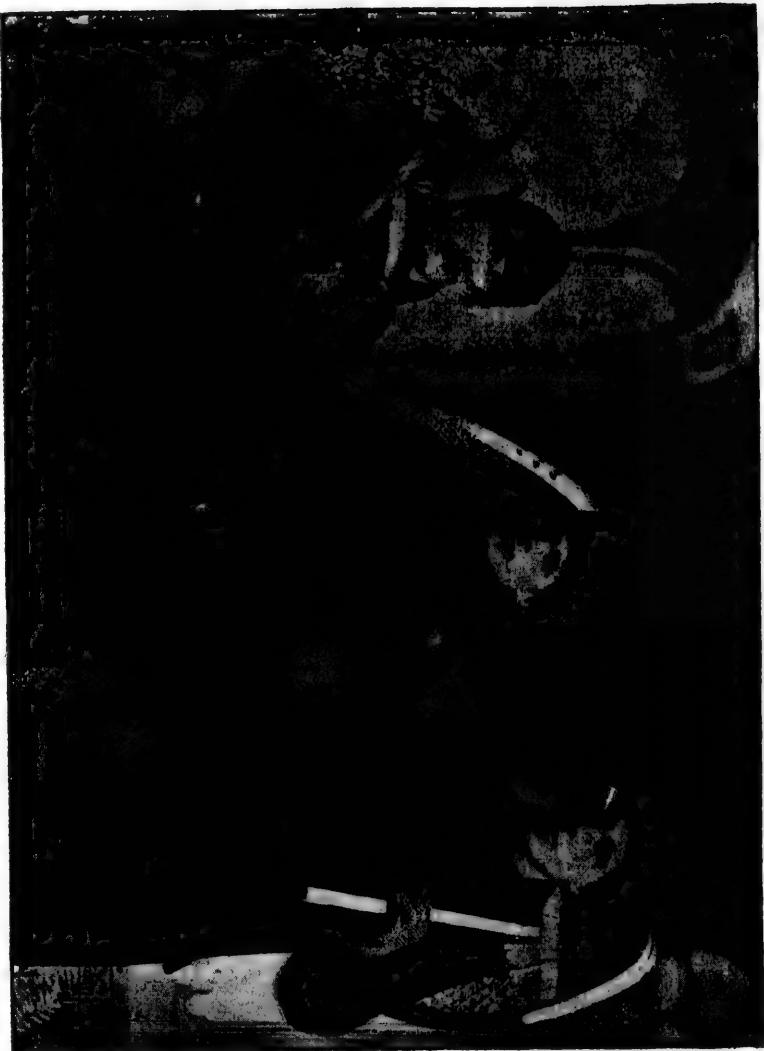
To touch the fringe of this difficulty several suggestions were proposed, and carried into practice. The enigma was not solved, but the pressure was a little bit lightened by the arrival in the fall of a batch of twenty young English

**"More hands."
"What shall
we do for
officers."****Twenty lieu-
tenants from
England to
lighten the
pressure.**

at a cook-shop. The fact that he must have been an observant boy, the following description proves. He says :

"A lean man and sallow, cadaverous, too, of the clerk specie, came to dine each day near me. He would take off his well-worn and fearfully-gone-in-the-nap pot hat, adjust the tails of his greenish, seedy coat, and with an air which seemed a cross between the importance of a city gentleman and the timidity of a flunkie, would seat himself and take up the daily paper to read, apparently in unconcern of all around. But I noticed that behind that unconcernedly-held daily paper a scene transpired. The sallow man would take from the tail pocket of his seedy coat a small paper package, with one hand he would unfold from it a few slices of bread and butter, (on Monday I noticed he had a shred or two of meat.) The

OFF FOR A SNOWSHOE TOUR OF MANY MILES AMONGST THE FISHER-FOLK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.



Maritime officers.**The East to the help of the West.****The Flying Squadron.****National interchange of officers. A new Financial Secretary.****Deliverance out of the horrible jaws of debt**

Lieutenants who were dispersed to the relief of some of the most hardily-pressed and exhausted officers.

They landed at Quebec in October, where the Commandant welcomed them, and at once formed them into a "Praying Gang," nationalizing them under the now familiar name of "THE NEW CANADIANS."

The Commandant marched them to Toronto, breaking the journey at as many points as possible, holding enthusiastic and rousing meetings all along the line of route, leaving many a new chorus echoing in the hearts and ears of the curiosity-stirred crowds. Closely following in their wake came a batch of Newfoundland Cadets—in addition to an earlier party of Maritime officers, who came, like "Wise men from the East," to the assistance of their comrades in the West.

This second Praying Gang—known as "THE FLYING SQUADRON," also prayed their way through to Toronto, under the oversight and garrison training of Adjutant Jewer. They travelled several hundred miles by sleigh in the depth of our winter in the teeth of cutting blizzards, over the rough roads, and through windy forests, often forced to fall back on vigorous exercise to prevent the frost from paralysing them, or to keep up the circulation often leaping from the sleigh, and diving forward, to be lost head-foremost in the deep snow-bank. Nevertheless, it was a merry time. Long drives through cold lanes ended in red-hot Salvation meetings in the towns, where the influence of the lusty young warriors, and the stir of novelty could not but disturb the cobwebs of spiritual stagnation. In fact they fairly *danced* their way through Eastern Ontario under the leadership of the Commandant and Brigadier Scott.

The law of national interchange amongst officers has placed its stamp upon our year of progress. Whilst we have transferred a few to the States, England provided us with a new Financial Secretary. Staff-Captain Streeton shouldered up to the desk vacated by Staff-Captain Fisher, who returned to Australia. Upon the former now rests the responsibility of the payments and receipts of our Army Exchequer.

Only those who have been at the heart of affairs can realize with what a profound sense of satisfaction and thankfulness to the Lord—Who has delivered us from the horrible jaws of debt—only those can comprehend with what joy we were able to hand the Staff-Captain a portfolio showing that the Canadian

waiter would now draw near, and bending his head in that sleek, graceful way some waiters have, he would receive the seedy man's order, very quietly, but nevertheless, patent to me, for he would return immediately with a pint cup of coffee, steaming hot, price three cents. This made the foreground of a picture in my imagination—it was enough. I left Chancery Lane and did better in a railway booking office."

Convicted of sin, at length through the instrumentality of Newman Hall, he could not understand what ailed him. Before this he, with his chum, had come to the logical conclusion that if there were any such thing as true religion it was only experienced by old women and ministers. Now he found two powers working within him. He seemed to belong both to heaven and hell.

Army is climbing the hill towards financial prosperity!

The turn in this long, long lane has at last been reached—thanks to the masterly handling of the problem by the Commandant.

The circulation of the *War Cry* has been another item causing considerable perplexity, but with the coming of our new Editor from far-distant Australia, we think we see fresh light at the end of the tunnel. MAJOR COMPLIN, who was appointed to superintend the Editorial scissors by the International Headquarters, buoyantly took up the pen handed to him by Brigadier de Barratt.

Amongst the greatest of our literary achievements, by which we shall ever remember the victories of this year, has been the beautiful NEW SONG BOOK called into being by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, under whose tuneful hearts and fingers it fell into shape rapidly. Staff-Captain Fry, with his spirit of self-effacement, worked at it early and late, and lovingly.

The first edition—at ten cents—was disposed of within two weeks of publication. In this particular, as in some others, we think we may safely congratulate one another that Canada leads the way for the rest of the Salvation world.

Another triumph, unparalleled in its way, in Army history, we are told, was our successful Harvest Festival Thanksgiving. One of the most remarkable features of the year, without doubt, was the appearance of the Toronto Temple, where the Central Exhibition was held. The great building was stored from porch to platform with the thank-offerings of the Lord's people, beside many gifts of fruit, produce, and live stock, impossible to display, although presented. An exceptionally bountiful harvest, both in hay, roots, and grain was gratefully acknowledged by offerings to be shared amongst the needy and the poor.

The utmost praise was due to the Field Officers, who worked in this, as in other matters to a man. In most cases doubling and trebling on the previous year, in spite of heavy odds against them. Many of them achieving their success single-handed as usual.

The grand September Councils, called by the Commandant, simultaneously with the Festival were times of overflowing blessing. Here again the all-pervading spirit of unity amongst the officers—whether Staff or Field—was most impressive.

A new Editor
straight from
"the Land of the
Black Swan."

The beautiful
Song-Book.

The Jubilant
Harvest
Thanksgiving.
Unparalleled in
our history.

September
Councils.

For two years this state of conviction increased, till he was almost tempted to give way to downright infidelity. Worn and broken down in spirit within, yet hiding his convicted soul behind a flippant exterior, no one seems to have had sufficient discernment to discover the wounds, until at last, in a little Primitive Methodist Chapel, in a sacramental service thirteen years ago, he realized that His Saviour bore his sins in His own body upon the tree.

He at once started open-air attacks against the powers of darkness, and when older members failed him, he got together a regiment of children to help sing out the gospel.

He first met the Army proper at Regent Circus, London. Of course he fell in love with their hearty earnestness and simplicity. At that time he was a class-leader, helping the circuit at Kilburn.

The Campaign sealed with souls.

"Oh, for a NIAGARA TORRENT of blessing to fall upon us!" prayed the Commandant, at the commencement of the weeks' series of meetings, and before the end it seemed surely as if our cup must bubble over.

Councils in the East.

More than ever the power of song was sustained, and our Musical Festival in the Auditorium had rather the ring of a triumphal oratorio, whilst the Solemn Assembly approached the sublime in its profoundly spiritual solemnity. The victorious finish at Hamilton concluded with thirty-eight souls at the Cross. SOULS indeed was the stamp of Divine approval upon the whole.

The Eastern Campaign was scarcely a time of rejoicing less than the Toronto. It included five days' councils and meetings with the Commandant.

Kingston.

It was held at St. John, N. B., where the officers, both District and Field, of the Maritime Provinces were privileged to enjoy a series of meetings, hallowed still to-day with blessed memory. Many prominent people were present at the public meeting, and forty-three sinners knelt at the penitent-form.

The Week of Self-denial.

Large meetings were also held at Kingston, upon which a whole chapter alone might easily be written.

Pinched for want of officers.

Closely following upon the heels of the Harvest Festival came the Week of Self-Denial.

For some time previous one would think the Commandant's brain must indeed have been "one huge depository of multitudinous ideas for stirring up sympathy and squeezing out the pockets of the people for the needs of the world."

Odds against us, yet victory!

There were many contrary circumstances to be faced at the start. Above all the scarcity of officers pinched us terribly. Yet, although they were still single-handed, or the soldiers leaderless, the splendid zeal and energy of our warriors surmounted all obstacles, and here again WE WON. We battled magnificently to the top in spite of the world-wide wave of commercial depression, which was felt to a certain extent in Canada. In spite of an epidemic of "la grippe," which laid prostrate some of our officers, we scored a tremendous victory—considering the odds against us!

Including the Self-Denial with the Harvest Festival, IN NINETY-EIGHT DAYS WE RAISED NO LESS A SUM THAN \$25,000.

Taking it into consideration that this amount was raised in small sums chiefly, it represents a tremendous amount of

Both his parents were Salvationists by now, and his mother especially felt that his place was in the Army.

He went into the jersey, he tells us, "like a shivering landsman about to plunge into an icy sea." This was in 1884. Since then he has fought as Soldier, Corps-Sergeant, Cadet, Cadet-Captain of Garrison, Lieutenant, District Officer, Divisional Officer, Principal of Training Homes in Australia, General Secretary to Commissioner Coombs, etc., etc. His present position as Editor of the Canadian "Cry" is his third appointment under the Commandant.

toil. Imagine a village—for instance—of a hundred population, like Feversham, where no less than sixty dollars was realized.

It was an inestimable assistance in greasing the wheels to roll the old chariot onward. It was divided amongst the poor corps; the sick and wounded; the Labrador expedition, *via* our yacht, and the French Work.

The work among the FRENCH-CANADIANS we can thankfully record, is in a more hopeful and vigorous condition than our sanguine expectation would have deemed possible, after long and patient furrowing and sowing. Although, as yet, we have hardly touched this enterprising and talented section of the community, yet our halls are now proving on too small a scale, and whilst the people are forbidden by the priests to buy the *En Avant*, in the halls alone we sell some hundreds. We quote a word or two from the standpoint of the Montreal *Witness*: “The Salvationist hall is habitually crammed with just the right people. We were there lately, and never saw a more earnest, rapt audience. Above a hundred genuine Romanists have given themselves there to the Lord within the year. From fifty to one hundred people are usually obliged to be refused admittance for lack of room. The hall seats 150. We have always noted that in France (and elsewhere) if the proper chord is touched, it will soon vibrate under the love of God.” Adjutant Rioux has struck that cord of love, and souls converted are still constantly recorded.

“What becomes of the money?”

French Canada.

According to
the “Montreal
Witness.”

Adjutant Rioux



VICTORIA RESCUE HOME.

TWELVE YEARS AGO the Holy Spirit tested BRIGADIER DE BARRITT, as he knelt at a penitent-form, wrestling for the blessing of a clean heart. *Was he willing to become an officer in the Salvation Army?* Sanctification seemed to hang conditionally upon that point for him.

The moment he confessed himself *willing*, that moment the witness and the power came down.

At this time he was studying to enter Ridsbury College, for the ministry, under the tuition of his uncle, the Rev. Newton Barritt. But his path was plainly marked out in another direction, strange and incomprehensible as it appeared to him then.

Of French descent, his parents at one time lived in New York, many of his days have



Property.

CHAPTER III.

"Principalities and powers are worse any day than artillery and musketry."—THE COMMANDANT.



TOGETHER the Army has been moving along in the bricks and mortar line."

In the direction of property we have been extending our borders, and materializing many fresh plans. Several new barracks have been erected, and various old buildings overhauled.

At Halifax a new and magnificent barracks was opened in November. At the opening service, the Life and Glory Boys from H. M. S. "Mohawk" presented a flag. On Sunday morning at knee-drill 81 present; \$10 collection; eight souls for the day. Monday eight souls, and many through the week for clean hearts.

The Orillia barracks, destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt in the shape of a better and more substantial building.

The purchase also was made of a handsome property at Winnipeg with the site almost in the centre of the city, at the

been passed in foreign service, so it comes that we speak of him now as "our cosmopolitan Brigadier." Instead of the College, he entered the Training Home at Clapton. Here he served as Cadet and Cadet-Captain; afterwards Captain in charge of Bethnal Green, and several other corps in succession, so gaining a good apprenticeship in the field.

He was first appointed A. D. C., and then put in charge of the Cornwall Division.

Marching orders for the foreign field followed, and three years' service in Australia. Returning to England, he became Assistant-Secretary to Colonel Boon.

The Commandant then taking charge of the field forces of the United Kingdom, the Brigadier was promoted Major and appointed Field Secretary. This important position he held for two years.

Bricks and Mortar.

Halifax.

The Life and Glory Boys present the flag.

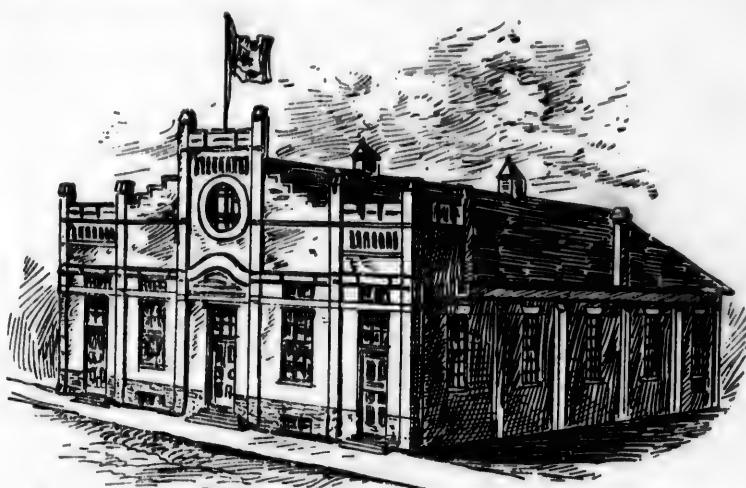
Orillia.

Winnipeg.

cost of \$11,000. The description of the building, etc., we cut from the *Winnipeg Tribune*, Nov. 4th, 1893.

The Salvation Army barracks, formerly the First Baptist Church, Rupert street, is now completed and ready for the "great battle for souls," which is announced to take place to-morrow at the opening. The church has been transformed inside and out upon the regular Army principles and style, the painting being in straw red and blue. The walls and ceiling are nicely papered. The roof of the old Sunday School on McWilliam street has been raised to the full height of the main building and a raised platform put in place for the officers, soldiers and band. The platform will seat about 125. Some of the pillars have been removed from the main building

What the
"Winnipeg
Tribune"
says.



SALVATION ARMY
BARRACKS. NANAIMO.

and the gallery arranged to seat about 300 persons. It is estimated that seating accommodation for 700 will be had in the main hall, and over 1000 by removing the doors from the lecture room, which will be done on a big day. The lecture room has also been fitted up as a week-night meeting hall, with a stage built at the McWilliam street end. All the former entrances have been left as before, and another door has been put in at the Main street end on Rupert street, which is sufficient outlet to empty the hall in five minutes or less. The kitchen, china and store rooms remain the same as before, and the caretaker's cottage is now occupied as the officers' quarters, thus saving house rent, which together with the saving of heat and gas by using the small hall for the week-night meetings, and the rent

Marching orders followed for South America, where we were commencing operations in the Spanish Republic Argentina. Arriving at Buenos Ayres, they found the state in the hands of the rebel troops, the city being bombarded by the fleet. They disembarked to discover themselves under martial law, ignorant of the language, in a Spanish country torn with internal dissensions.

More than ever, here and now, he proved the presence of a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. In a few months the whole party, except Brigadier and Mrs. de Barratt, were attacked with small pox and diphtheria. Here his knowledge of the hydropathic system stood him in good stead, and personally he nursed them all back to life and strength. Meanwhile the work prospered.

of the former hall, will pay the interest on the whole purchase money and leave a nice sum to cut down the principal.

Taking the Army barracks as a whole no better or cheaper property could be got in the city, while for Army purposes it cannot be surpassed, its location being without doubt the best in the city.

To-morrow the new hall will be formally opened, and it goes without saying the building will be taxed to its utmost with friends and sympathizers of the Army.

Erected to the glory of God it was sealed by 41 souls at the opening.

The new brick barracks at Nanaimo has been no mean feature in the year's advance.

The old Printing House in Toronto has also been overturned and renovated, including a new face, far more in keeping with our fine Headquarters on Albert street.

Property, moreover, has been purchased in Quebec in an excellent situation for work, which, with some considerable outlay has converted it into a model barracks.

Nanaimo.

Property in
Quebec.



Returning once more to England, he soon took ship again for Canada, where, with Mrs. de Barritt and little Mildred, he received a hearty welcome; Adjutant Jones, Mrs. Booth's Secretary, travelling by the same boat.



Social.

CHAPTER IV.

"The words which all of us shall one day hear sound not of theology but of life, not of creeds and doctrines but of shelter and clothing, not of Bibles and prayer-books, but of cups of cold water in the name of Christ."—*Drummond*.



AR be it from us to attempt to care for the bodies of men apart from the end in view, of reaching and blessing their souls. Thank God in all the solid progress of the year the Spiritual and the Social Work have marched ever hand-in-hand; whether in our shelters for the unemployed, or our homes for the fallen; whether in the soup-kitchen, or the wood-yard; in the sewing-room, or the nursery.

"IT IS NO OBJECT OF OURS TO MAKE RAGGED RASCALS INTO SLEEK SINNERS," said the Commandant at the dedication of the Lighthouse. Reformation without conversion in no part of our creed.

"Go to the root of the corrupt tree," pleads the voice of a prisoner writing to us from his desolate cell. "Don't be satisfied with lopping off here and there!"

Reformation without conversion no part of our creed.

"Go to the root."

KNIGHT was a rough country lad. Probably, like many another, through a desire to "see life," and a mistaken idea that what appeared glittering in his eyes was veritably gold, he was induced to accept the Queen's shilling and become a soldier—not, unfortunately, 'neath the "yellow, red, and blue"—but under the good old Union Jack.

Awkward by nature, he was a source of annoyance to the officer whose duty it was to "put them through their facings," and, through his inability to master the drill, the poor boy's life began to become a burden to him. At last, on an unhappy day, in a fit of passion he struck one of the non-commissioned officers, and was consequently, without much ceremony, hurried off to the guard-room. Whilst there, instead of his temper abating, the restraint only tended to infuriate him the more, and, taking the lid of the stove, he flung it

"THE LIGHTHOUSE;"

OR, "JOE BEEF'S CONVERTED."

"Pull for the shore, brother."

Flag-raising

The property overhauled.

Freshening up.

Fumigating room.
Electric lights.
Ventilation.

True to the prophesy in the early days of the Montreal Shelter it has proved indeed a Salvation lighthouse to the body and soul of many a ship-wrecked brother, whom the ebb-tide of fortune has left stranded on the rocks of sin and crime. In many ways it has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Situated as it is, at the very gate of Canada, where the ocean shipping and the large Allan liners steam up alongside the Montreal wharf, it has proved a mighty power in our Salvation warfare. As the electric light flashes out across the briny waters it has proved one of the best advertising mediums in the world for our Salvation. There we have been able to offer safe anchorage to countless seamen.

At the Flag-raising cheer after cheer arose as the Commandant grasped the rope, and the dear old colors were run up to the top of the flag-pole, till the yellow, red, and blue floated to the breeze. The prayers that ascended with it have been answered, our hopes realized—aye, *more* than realized. Eternity alone will tell the good that has been accomplished among the unnumbered crowds that have thronged our "Poor Man's Metropole" since that glad day.

It was necessary at the commencement to overhaul the whole property at an outlay involving some heavy expenditure. Now we can confidently state beyond all question it is one of the best equipped shelters in the world. The once wretched and sin-cursed building is henceforth a monument to Army enterprise.

Once a den of shame where vice and revelry reigned, now it is dedicated to the service of God and mankind.

After the old accumulation of rubbish had been carted away, and after the delapidated doors and windows had been straightened into respectability, arrangements were made to admit an abundance of fresh air and daylight, with a copious supply of hot and cold water in constant demand.

The beds were provided of soft wool mats, on patent springs, all perfectly proof against contamination.

A fumigating room, and electric light was added, and later on some gentleman—sent by God—noticed that the close atmosphere from the low ceilings and crowded rooms was not

at one of the soldiers who came in to speak to him; then, not content with this, tore up one of his boots, and burst open the door of his prison.

Military discipline is apt to be severe, so our hero received a somewhat lengthy leave of absence, and, after a short sojourn in the "dark cell," was banished to the Penitentiary.

A sister (the wife of an officer), previous to his going to the last-mentioned place, happened to hear of his case, and begged to be allowed to visit him. They said it would hardly be safe. However, after some persuasion, consent was given, and off she started. Arriving at her destination, she took the poor boy by the hand, telling him meanwhile, lovingly and gently, of Jesus and His infinite compassion. The hard heart began to soften, and what bolts and bars could not do a little love and sympathy more than accomplished.

conducive to health. The next day a contractor appeared with his men, who remained until Joe Beef's was well ventilated throughout.

The character of the people in whose midst we are placed may be judged from the fact that no less than four robberies took place one evening within sight of the house. Passers-by are constantly being waylaid. The policemen go by two and two. To walk the docks at night is to see sights dark enough to curdle your very heart's blood. Yet we go in and out amongst the roughest of earth's scum constantly unhurt.

"Just let us know if you are in any trouble," the police kindly telephone, but rarely indeed is it necessary to appeal to the authorities for assistance.

It has been stated by one of them that a change is noticeable already, owing to the fact that a number of the rougher class who formerly loafed around the city, causing endless trouble, now remain quietly at the canteen.

These people love us. "You are the only people I can trust," said one poor fellow, placing all his worldly goods in our hands, including a considerable sum of money, and his watch and chain.

The meetings, too, are popular amongst them. Sailors are proverbially fond of a song, and at the Salvation Army they get their fill of music. Many French-Canadians mingle with the others, so the meetings are apt to be in two languages, as our French-speaking comrades lend a hand on the platform, with the blessed result, not alone of souls saved, but of converts developed into soldiers.

"A FIRE AT JOE BEEF'S" alarmed the officers not a little at the time, although afterward they asserted it was worth it all to see how the men love and care for the safety of the Shelter. Fire engines and reels dashed up promptly, the sub-chief and firemen worked in splendid fashion, so the destructive flame and smoke was soon got under, although the fumes from the sulphur in the disinfecting room was most unpleasant.

"Thank God my blacking-brushes are safe!" ejaculated one of the inmates, with his eyes all red with smoke, amongst the men who had formed a bucket brigade until the arrival of the firemen.

All loss was covered by insurance and the landlord repaired the damage.

Considerable excitement was caused over the ghastly dis-

The courteous Police.

The submerged love us.

Blessed meetings.

French and English.

"Fire at Joe Beef's."

Damage covered.

If human love can do so much, oh! what cannot the love of Christ bring to pass in *any* heart which will open and let Him in!

Never again did we hear a complaint from anyone regarding him. Truly the lion seemed transformed into the lamb.



A gruesome
skeleton
unearthed.

covery of human bones, apparently buried beneath the subterranean caves where Joe Beef once had kept his bear cages and menagerie. It occurred whilst the workmen were engaged on some necessary excavations, when, along with a set of burglary tools, etc., these bones were unearthed. Horror was turned into merriment, however, when it was decided to be nothing but a disarticulate skeleton Joe formerly exhibited amongst his various gruesome curiosities.

Christmas
cheer.

The free Christmas dinner was no inconsiderable item in the year's advance—in the opinion of the men at any rate. A simple requisition was sent to the *Star*, and in reply a bountiful response was returned in donations and provisions—chiefly anonymous—including a large supply of Johnson's Fluid Beef. This generous assistance enabled us to feast a hundred and fifty men sumptuously.

"Sunfish."

Although we have a far different class to deal with in Toronto—the wharfers, or "sunfish" element, so-called, being absent—our Shelter here is no less appreciated than the Lighthouse.

"Full up."

With accommodation for nearly a hundred men we have been often "full up." Frequently during the slack season—that is the winter—every available bed is in demand, but with the coming of the warmer weather when work grows more plentiful the average drops to about sixty.

Labor Bureau,
Registry Office,
Enquiry
department.

In connection with the Shelter we carry on our Labor Bureau, a Registry for Servants, and an Enquiry Department. Although on a comparatively small scale at present, these branches represent no insignificant element in bringing us into contact with a class of people in dire need of our sympathy and fellowship, and whom we most desire to help.

The well-filled
Wood-yard.

A large and well-filled wood-yard is enlivened with the busy sound of the buzz-saw, worked by electricity. Here also we have extended our borders. We have lengthened the wood-yard by some twenty feet, boarding in our covered wood-sheds so that we are constantly enabled, winter or summer, to supply kindling and hard-wood at city prices, in prompt response to note or telephone. Trade is on a sound basis, and we are

SERGEANT WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. London I. There are few people who can tell more of the evil of sin and drink than he.

Born in Aberdeen in 1839, his stay in the Land of the Thistle was but short, for in 1842 he removed to Ireland.

Soon after, his father died, and the boy was forced to face the world as apprentice to a gardener. A terribly hard time he had of it, for the man turned out to be a cruel master. One day, after receiving some brutal blows, the lad turned upon the man and knocked him down with a rake.

"I was possessed of a very devilish temper," he confesses.

Another day, when setting some seeds too thick in the row, he was, in turn, knocked

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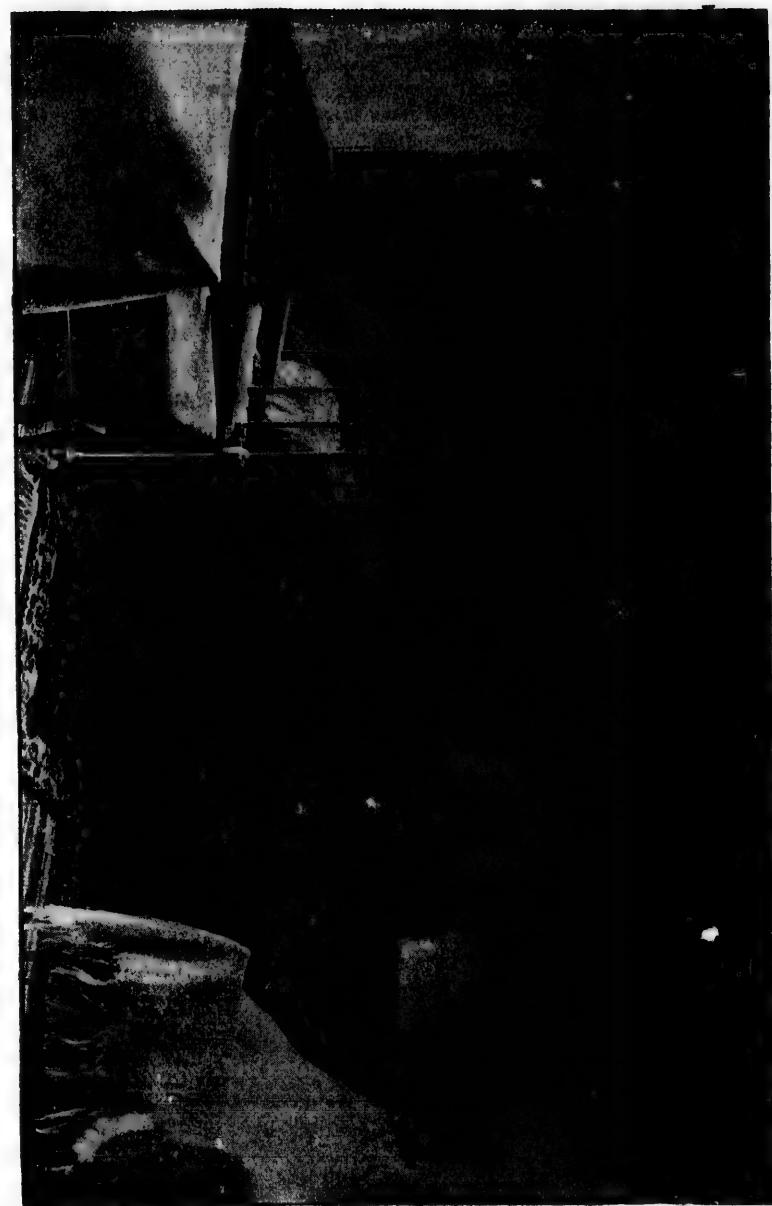
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THE BLUE AND GOLD COT WITH A STORY.

**Employment
for scores of
out-of-works.**

continually at high pressure fulfilling the orders which come in thick and fast. It was found necessary to start a branch office in another part of the city.

Moreover, a large and busy expressage is also in constant requisition to remove furniture, luggage, etc. It is necessary to keep four strong horses steadily at work.

By these means we have been enabled to provide employment for scores and scores of out-of-works, assisting them to retain their sense of independence and self-respect, when apparently at the point of collapse through depression and exhaustion. After seeing them well warmed, and housed, and well fed, we have—better still—been in a position to bring them in contact with the spiritual influence and the soul-shepherding of which they stand sorely in need.

Full of interest are the meetings in the Shelter Reading Room ; the sing-songs, the prayer-meetings. One need scarcely desire a more intelligent and appreciative audience than our Toronto Shelter men, with their thoughtful faces and working clothes, and general weather-beaten aspect.

The sleeping and eating arrangements are on the same plan as at Joe Beef's, only on a somewhat less extended scale. The same spring beds with more ample bedding, and the same cheap and nourishing bill of fare.

We did not consider it exaggeration when two gentlemen visitors assured us ours was "one of the best, and cleanest, and tidiest institutions on this or the other side of the Atlantic."

Amongst other extensions and improvements a new hundred-gallon water-tap has been fitted up, supplying hot or cold water, and a covered bath with a lid, to be shut and locked, so enabling us to keep an oversight of the bathing arrangements, and to assist the men with a generous and much-needed supply of soap, etc.

Amidst many pathetic incidents of the year perhaps the most pitiful was the tale of "Poor Old Scotty."

Not appearing at the usual turning-out hour, the officer on duty went up to arouse him. But the old man lay unconscious, in the sleep that knows no waking—he was *dead in his bunk*, with no name but a nick-name, and no clue of any sort to trace his identity. Who can tell what the past may have been!—or what the future! Somebody's brother lies in an unknown grave !

**"Poor old
Scotty."**

down by the gardener from behind. He was unable to return the blow, but, viciously and secretly, he vowed revenge. His master, it chanced, was a slave to the snuff-box, so he managed to substitute cayenne pepper for snuff. The result was, the victim was almost killed, and our 'prentice-lad had made the place too hot for himself to remain.

Then he ran away and enlisted as drummer-boy in the 15th Royal Irish. Shortly after, he accompanied his regiment to the Crimea. There he soon became a slave to the cursed appetite for drink. At length he returned to Ireland, but enlisted again in the 60th Rifles. But, alas! his career was only one continual period of drunkenness and debauchery. He was always into rows, and, on one occasion, tackling a bigger man than himself, he only escaped with his life—four broken ribs and a broken nose.

**Meetings in
the Reading
Room.**

**Ample bedding.
Cheap bill of
fare.**

**A hundred-gal-
lon water-tap.**

“THE RETREAT ;” OR THE “HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN.”

“What do they want to come down here?”—bitterly exclaimed a slip-shod woman, in one of the roughest streets, as the Army marched by to the time-worn chorus :

“Happy day, happy day !
When Jesus washed my sins away.”

“What do they want to come down here singing about their ‘happy days’? *We've no happy days!*”

“It's a shame,” repeated others, “that the Army should open a place like this for the men, and leave us poor women out of doors!” This was the cry at the “Life boat” before the “Retreat” was opened.

Quick as ever to hear the cry of real need, Mrs. Booth again stepped out to the rescue, in spite of the fact that her infant son—a child of Canadian soil—was even then hovering between the portals of life and death.

So, finding that there were many deserving cases quite unsuited to the Rescue Home, it was decided to stretch the funds and rent the cottage between the Printing House and the Temple on Albert Street.

Of course a house will not furnish itself without hands and money, and when there is no money in the exchequer, then the money must be obtained somewhere else.

Once more Mrs. Booth bravely shouldered the burden, and collected sufficient to furnish the snug little house throughout, purchasing the necessary articles personally, and supervising the arrangements with her own graceful and practical taste.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to clip a few extracts from a long descriptive account in the Toronto “Globe.” “Woman’s Under-world” it is headed :

Out of the light and noise, I turned into the dimness of Albert Street, for the space of a few hundred yards, then paused before a low double cottage, whose rough-cast walls and green shutters stood distinct in the semi-darkness. Above the door were the words : “Working Women’s Home—Salvation Army.”

To the left of the hall were three rooms occupied by the staff, which consists of three woman—the Captain, and two Lieutenants. The first is a parlor, or board room, into which I barely glanced; the second, a cosy sitting-room; and the third, a bed-room, which I noted in detail. The floor is covered with oilcloth. There were three little iron

“We've no
happy days !”

Mrs. Booth to
the rescue.

The cottage
between the
Temple and the
Printing House

From the
Toronto
“Globe,”

The next move, after his marriage, was to Canada, where he remained until his discharge. His days from that time filled in a terrible record. Many a time his fear-stricken wife and children fled before his footstep—if not thrown out of doors, followed with oaths and curses.

At last came a turn in the tide; the thraldom of sin and misery was to be broken. Previous to his last enforced visit to the jail, the Salvation Army had opened fire in London. After a long week's steady drunk, he wandered past an open-air ring. From thence he followed the march to the barracks. Broken-hearted, he fell at the Cross, and arose “a new man in Christ Jesus.” Nine years have gone, and still a well-known figure at the head of the brass band is the Sergeant-Major.

We get the people we seek.

"Drunks."

"A nice cup of hot tea."

No long-pole business.

Washed, fed, saved, and set to work.

beds, neat, with white linen, and blue, woven counterpanes ; a plain dresser and toilet stand, bearing above it the inscription, " Clean hands and a pure heart ;" three grey-painted wooden chairs, white muslin curtains. It was spotless in its simplicity, and restful in its pure grey and white—this little sleeping room of these brave, young women officers.

Crossing the hall we entered the first of the Shelter rooms, a sleeping apartment, containing five iron bedsteads, wooden chairs, and a strip of carpet down the room centre. Two of the beds were occupied by sleeping women. A tumbled mass of iron-grey hair told me that one was elderly ; the other, with bandaged head, was young.

" Where do these women live ? " I enquired of the Captain.

" Nowhere," she answered ; " all the home they have when not in jail is here. Some of our women nighters are 'regulars.' I mean," she continued, in answer to my enquiring look, " many of them return night after night, occupying generally the same bed."

She opened a door and passed through a little passage way to two rooms furnished with beds only, and bedding of a coarser quality. There were no chairs and no strips of carpet.

" These beds are for the worst cases—the drunks," she said. " We have nothing in but mere necessities, and we fumigate them every day. The daily cleansing of these rooms is one of our unpleasant duties.

Leaving the sleeping rooms we went down into the old-fashioned basement, first into a cosy, warm, low-ceilinged kitchen, where a Lieutenant was pouring out a cup of hot tea for the drunkard upstairs ; then into the bath-room—a clean, comfortable place, with large bath and row of tin wash bowls ; and afterwards into an empty room filled with tubs, where the women vagrants may cleanse their poor draggled garments. The place was spotlessly clean and free from odor.

Another "drunk" had come in during our absence, and we returned upstairs and entered the dining-room—an airy, bright apartment—to find both these, with a third more sober "nighter," under the care of the two young officers, drinking cups of hot tea and talking maudlin words.

Poor creatures. One was a small, slight, elderly woman, with an abundance of grey hair, sharp features, and blue eyes glazed with liquor. She had no hat, only a shawl thrown loosely about her. Her delicate, nervous white face worked with excitement, her weak blue eyes looked up at me with a stare of half surprise, half companionship. She took me for a fellow-lodger, and was disposed to be confidential.

" What do you charge for the night's lodging ? "

" Seven cents for a bed. For three cents we give them a bowl of soup and bread ; tea or coffee two cents ; bread and butter two cents."

" Do you take them in at any hour ? " I asked.

" Not after eleven. We used to do so, but we found that it encouraged them to remain out carousing until two and three in the morning, and then seek shelter with us, so now we admit none after eleven."

" Do they help you to do the work in the morning before leaving ? "

" The majority of these women do not know how to work ! " answered the little woman. " Some of them scrub or pick rags. But of housework they know nothing. These women are chiefly homeless and vagrants ; many of them also are given over to opiates, and nearly all are excessive smokers. They are often in jail. After they are liberated, we are generally pretty sure of seeing them again."

EDITH LYSLE is a brand plucked from the burning ; once a sinner of the deepest dye. From the peace on her calm, happy face, you would scarcely believe her past could reveal a life of disgrace, full of scenes of misery that cause one's whole nature to shudder.

It was through the "War Cry" she first became convicted, and this indirectly led to her conversion.

She was living in Hamilton, Ont., when a lad first brought a "Cry" to her door. Glad of anything by way of a novelty, she bought one, never having seen the paper before. The songs first attracted her attention ; then, turning the pages, a personal shot sent a thrust home about the life of shame she was living.

THE SALVATION ARMY

WORKING-WOMEN'S HOME

- BILL OF FARE -

	2 CENTS.
SOUP	2 CENTS.
SOUP AND BREAD	3 " "
IRISH STEW	5 "
TEA OR COFFEE (PER CUP)	2 "
BREAD AND BUTTER	2 "
WARM BEDS	7 "

"COME IN!" GOOD FOOD AND CLEAN WARM BEDS.



We stood for a moment in silence. From across the hall came the quiet voices of the two Lieutenants, mingled with the boisterous tones of their drunken guests, whom they were putting to bed. From the crowded thoroughfares a few hundred yards away, the clang of the electric car gongs, and the hum of the busy life reached us in softened sound.

How life's contrasts pressed upon me in this still moment, when, deep-breathing beside me, lay in kindly shelter, these women of Toronto.

* * * * *

The Army Home reaches out to the very lowest of vagrants and drunken women.

No woman need walk Toronto night streets for lack of shelter; no sympathetic mistress of any Toronto home need hesitate concerning the woman mendicant who comes to her door. There is shelter and food for the veriest tramp in that little white cottage on Albert Street.

Surely such work is ours to aid.

"This work is
yours to aid."

The steady
demand.

Of course it is all on a small and comparatively insignificant scale, but that does not disprove its necessity. Whilst the steady demand for its cheerful hospitality proves that "The Retreat" is assisting to supply a long-felt want. The small fee charged renders it almost self-supporting.



The paper was flung into the farthest corner with the remark that she "couldn't be bothered reading such stuff!"

But that one sentence had riveted itself upon her memory, and the words kept ringing in her ears.

Many times, in spite of herself, she picked up that objectionable "War Cry," yet each time sinking more and more deeply into the blues.

She determined, if that lad ventured to call again, she would turn him away with a sneer. Nevertheless, Saturday morning found her eagerly awaiting him. She tossed him five cents, and, snatching the paper, fled to her room; but such a desperate fit of wretchedness seized her that she burnt the "Cry."



Rescue.

CHAPTER V.

"Then Christ sought out
a motherless girl whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin."



HE general principles of this Christlike branch of the Social work are already so well recognized as to need no explanation. Under the immediate personal oversight of Mrs. Commandant Booth, the whole plan has made rapid and vigorous strides this year towards perfection. It is saying but little to repeat that "Mrs. Booth has thrown herself with energy and self-sacrifice into the work of the deliverance and amelioration of the lives of the neglected and despised, especially among the women and children."

Although, as it is well known, she has been encumbered by the demands of the general work of the Army, and the absorbing care of her two little sons, through much sickness and anxiety, she has indeed, nevertheless, proved her deep personal interest in the advancement of the Kingdom, whether behind or before the scenes ; whether swaying the crowded audience with her

Under the immediate personal oversight of Mrs. Booth.

Finance.

To escape from her accusing conscience, she left Hamilton and went to Brantford. Here some young Salvation lassie found her out, and came to talk to her about her soul, leaving a "War Cry," also extracting a promise to read it for her sake.

Deciding to leave Ontario, she struck out for the North-West, and reached Calgary. She now felt so utterly sick of herself that she determined to go in for as gay a life as possible, plunging headlong into mad pleasure and gaiety, in order to drown all thoughts about her soul.

Again the girl-officers visited her with the "Cry," but she put on the appearance of being too much taken up to notice them.

Vancouver was the next spot ; but, still, the very first Saturday there again appeared

matchless voice, or fixing the cot of some little suffering, nameless shelter-babe. Her interest has been unwavering. It is a faint expression of the facts to say that under her direction the well-tried methods of our Rescue Homes have been steadily applied. Her mode of handling the finance has had the touch of genius in it.

Of all the eight Homes throughout the Dominion, perhaps we may dwell the most minutely upon the one at Parkdale, as being most immediately under her personal oversight and direction.

The Home secured by Mrs. Booth on the lakeside has proved to be one of the best suited for the purpose anywhere. Indeed—if we may go by the assertions of those who are in a position to judge—Canada comes not much behind the rest of the world in any of her social institutions, taking the lead rather than otherwise, considering the many difficulties and peculiar circumstances under which we toil.

Few Rescue Homes, we think, could match the one at Parkdale. The large, airy rooms, overlooking the sunrise on the bay, the beautiful situation, the health-giving breezes across the blue waters of Lake Ontario, the well-stocked garden and the orchard, with its trees and fruit; the constant melody of the feathered songsters; all this, combined with the most close and careful spiritual oversight, and the salutary influence of cheerful work and kindly companionship must surely and irresistibly cause this spot to become a very haven of rest and pure inspiration to storm-tossed, temptation-harassed souls, bringing solid help and a way of escape from the sin and strife of a life of shame.

Everyone who has come in contact with this class knows that one of the greatest difficulties we have is to arouse a spark of hope within their hearts, and to inspire them once more with a sense of self-respect. At the feet of the Magdalene's Saviour, at the foot of the Cross—there alone can this be achieved.

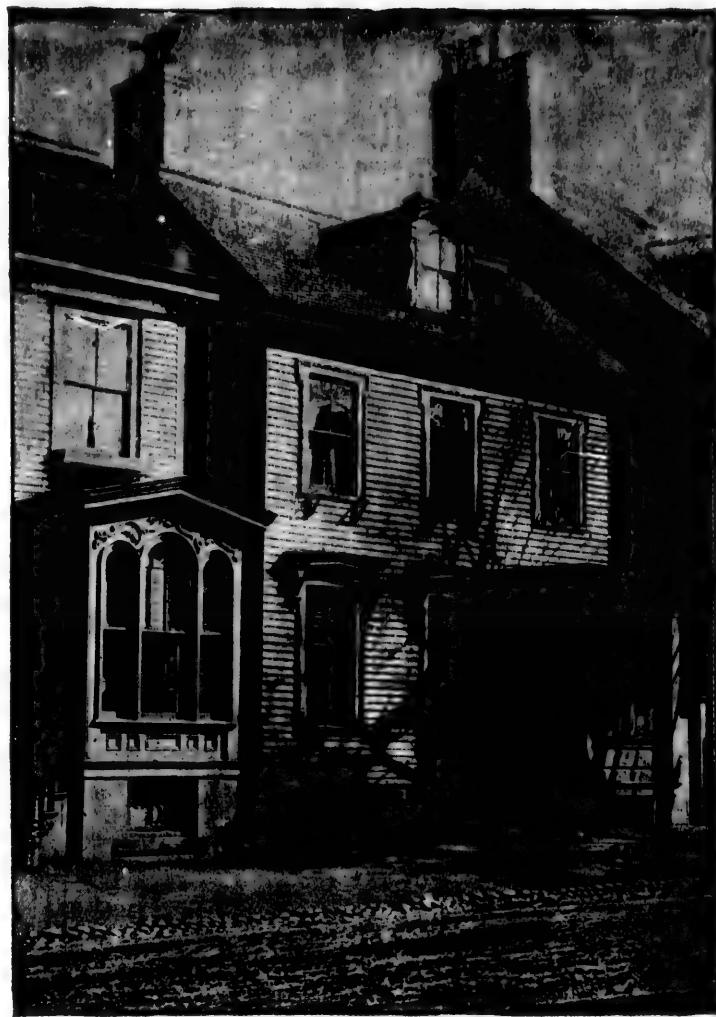
"Here is a picture of an angel," said a fallen girl, in bitterness and despondency of spirit. "I'm not fit to have it, but take it and give it to dear Captain —" Yet even in some of the most callous of these ruined lives, we have been enabled by the name of Christ to convince them of the possibility of a pure and holy life on earth, and a white robe in heaven.

The other Homes are situated at London, St. John, N. B.,

he "War Cry" sergeant with his bundle of papers, inviting her to the meetings. It was too much! Then she began to say: "I WILL be good, God helping me!"

Next we find her in the Victoria Reserve Home, surrounded by loving friends and holy influence.

Did she stand? Yes; and in one of our Western corps you will find a bright and happy soldier,



RESCUE HOME, HALIFAX, N. S.

Minimum expense. No large salaries.

Industries.

Cash difficulties. Mrs. Booth points the "way out."

What have you done for your fallen sister?

Halifax Home.

Montreal, Winnipeg, Victoria, and Halifax. All are, by frequent correspondence, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Booth.

Every institution is, of course, conducted at the minimum possible of expense. There are no large official salaries, no useless outlay. As far as possible, too, the place is made self-supporting. This is very difficult, as the girls are almost without exception strangers to remunerative work, in fact to toil of any sort, and one of the most difficult of all tasks is to train them to apply themselves to learn, in order to fit themselves to earn an honest living when our doors close after them.

Each and every inmate follows some industry—sewing, dressmaking, text-making, etc.—nevertheless, the proceeds from the sale of their work must be very small, and there are always numerous items to be faced in the way of rent, taxes, rates, travelling, etc. Were it not for the generosity of our friends, sometimes we could not pay our way. Here Mrs. Booth has repeatedly stepped into the breach, and solved the aggravating problem by visiting some large-hearted friend—possessed of a long pocket, too—explaining the whole matter, and returning with the "way out" in solid cash.

Amongst many tokens of sympathy, most highly prized by Mrs. Booth was a valuable gold ring, forwarded anonymously. Large quantities of food and produce are also kindly and constantly given. To these, our practical social helpers, we express our thanks in the name of God's poor.

Strangely in contrast are the testimonies of our girls, by the side of this despairing wail of a lost woman as reproduced by Mr. Stead: "I have taken hope—I drink. I'm lost. I shall never be anything else. I am far worse than ever I was, and am going to the devil as fast as I can. It's no use. But if I come within a thousand miles of that old fiend, if I don't knife her, if I swing for it! When I think what I might have been, but for her! What have they done with my life?"

* * * * *

Yet another forward movement has been the opening of the **NEW RESCUE HOME AT HALIFAX.**

For some years past the cry for help has been assailing the ears of our leaders. At last Mrs. Booth saw the way clear to commence with a small Home. The opening was the occasion of a delightful gathering amongst our Eastern comrades. Many visitors and many generous citizens gave us a welcome

FATHER WEBB left his home in 1839, and enlisted in the British Army. He has travelled nearly all over the world, seeing active service in the Crimean War, battles of Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, at the Fall of Sebastopol. At the close of the war he went straight away to India, where he served in the Indian Mutiny. He has been through thirteen general engagements.

In 1869 he came to Canada, but his record was a dark one. He had no scruples about doing anything to obtain rum, with the result that several times he was tied to the gun-wheel and received fifty lashes. All in vain. In Hamburg, Ont., he became well known as a regular bum.

At one time, in his drunken spree, as he entered at one door his family rushed out

send-off in the form of fifty dollars and a sewing machine.

The house is situated in a quiet and suitable locality, it is furnished in a tasteful and homelike fashion. We rejoice to say it is proving a blessed haven of safety to many a poor girl in the midst of the dark temptation of this seaport city.

Rescue Work has also been inaugurated in NEWFOUNDLAND.

After much planning and preparatory work efforts were made to lay the matter before the public to ensure their co-operation and sympathy. At the opening meeting the large attendance and the enthusiasm shown brought good cheer to our comrades' hearts.

The march before the meeting was headed by a boat borne aloft on the shoulders of some strong brothers. "THE LAUNCHING OF THE RESCUE LIFEBOAT" was painted on one side of the sail; and on the reverse "GOD SPEED THE RESCUE WORK."

Lady Thorburn, and many friends representing the W. C. T. U., etc., were present to help with practical sympathy. Altogether nearly a hundred dollars were realized at this commencement.

Newfoundland.
God speed the
Rescue work.

Lady
Thorburn.

THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

"It seems almost as if the Salvation Army were made on purpose for the children."—*Commissioner Booth-Tucker.*

In addition to the various nurseries attached to the Rescue Homes, where the innocent infants of the inmates are cherished in their helplessness, we have our Children's Shelter on Bleeker Street, Toronto. This year we have enlarged our premises here also, doubling the accommodation, by renting the adjoining house, knocking doors in the walls, and furnishing it throughout.

Pitiful beyond all telling are the stories of some of these atoms of mortality, drifting helplessly upon the waves of adverse circumstances—through no fault of their own, poor mites!—in almost certain danger of becoming stranded upon the rocks of sin and crime—like their parents before them—unless some helping hand is outstretched to their rescue.

Some of them are the children of jail-birds, some deserted by their parents—little black sheep whose future has nothing in store but the heritage of a bad name, or a vicious ancestry, in whose case it seems Salvation must be now or never, if their

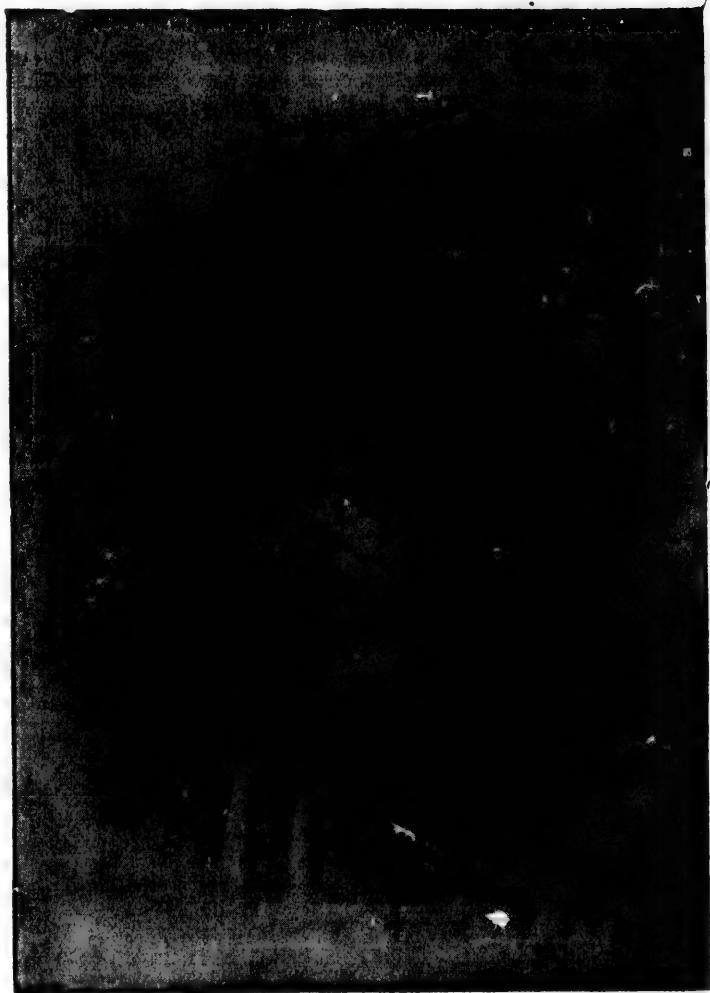
Flotsam and
jetsom adrift.

Little black
sheep within
the fold.

at the other. The old clock chanced to strike, and he flung that out too. Chairs and tables followed, and everything he could lay hands upon, until on the following morning everybody concluded there must have been a fire, from the stack of furniture scattered outside.

He came to Galt in 1890. It was not long before he started "to paint the town red," but he soon found himself run into the cooler.

"One day," he testifies, "I was filling up in the Central Hotel, just taking a glass, when I asked What band is that? They said it was the Salvation Army. So I followed them down to the barracks and got saved on the thirteenth of February, 1880. To-day you will find Father Webb at the front of the march, with his medals on his breast and the flag with the fiery star uplifted, as a signal to all lost sinners that there is a full and a free salvation for all.



"OH, WHY DOES MY MOTHER DRINK WHISKEY?"

nature, already marred and dwarfed by inheritance, is to be moulded for a better world. So the nest has been warmly feathered for many a poor little unfledged nestling, blown by the storms of life to our very feet, and not a few of these have been transferred to the hearts and homes of God-fearing people, whilst some child-souls have fluttered away from earth to heaven.

Perhaps of all the departments under Mrs. Booth's especial care, this lies the nearest to her heart; but, alas! it is only sustained under constant pressure for funds, for when the need seems the greatest the exchequer is always taxed to its highest pressure, the parents as a rule being able to pay but a nominal sum towards the support of the children.

One sweet and touching little item we must mention, in this year of the General's jubilee. Amongst the many parcels of food, and toys, and clothing, generously sent to the home at Christmas, the best was a large, carriage-paid, bundle of warm, new woollen clothing, hats, mitts, stockings, frocks, everything, in fact. These had been sent by the juniors of one of our poorer corps, who all the summer through had been toiling to make them, sacrificing their sunny play-hours voluntarily for the joy of helping to clothe the city waifs and strays in the winter months.

Thanks to Mrs. Booth, NURSERIES have been established in connection with the various Rescue Homes of the Dominion, where helpless and fatherless babyhood may be a little brightened at the outset at any rate, and where the redeeming power of the mother-love may have a chance to assert itself, for in many cases these girls—little past childhood themselves—are more sinned against than sinning, and yet, once down, the odds are all against them ever rising to their feet once more.

In spite of the utmost care it is impossible to rear some of our children, for they come into the world with nothing but the heritage of an enfeebled constitution.

Every one felt a thrill of horror, on reading in the Toronto papers the tragic account of the death of a child who was accidentally burnt to death.

"I want you to have her clothes and cot," said the anguished mother to the Captain, "for the use of any poor, sick, or disabled child." I cannot bear to look at them." So the things came, with a yearly subscription to help endow the cot.

Under Mrs.
Booth's
especial care.

Our Junior
Soldiers sacri-
fice their play
hours to succor
the Submerged
Babies.

The story of a
small blue and
gold cot.

FROM "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

THEN I SAW IN MY DREAM that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it; yet did the fire burn brighter and hotter.

Then said Christian, What means this?

The Interpreter answered, This fire is the work of grace; he that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the devil; but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to

Heart-broken
mother, has this
a message for
you?

The sign of the
White Cross on
a crimson
ground.

Statistics fail.

We gratefully
thank the
authorities.

In that small blue and gold bed, where so lately reposed the only child and lovely darling of wealthy people, now a nameless Shelter babe hides a poor unwanted little head from the blasts of adverse fortune, and a cruel world. The mass of pictured violets above the cot with the inscription, "IN MEMORIAM, VIOLET," we think might preach a sermon to many a mother who hugs an aching grief that might be softened too.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

The League of Mercy—with the sign of the pure white cross on a crimson ground—sprang into existence under the guidance and inspiration of Mrs. Booth.

This quiet and unostentious work has been developing steadily since the commencement. It is almost impossible to give a fair impression of the ground covered and the good accomplished by our Hospital and Jail Brigade.

This band of tender hearted sister-soldiers visit the various city institutions, under a wisely organized system, carrying with them the heavenly influence of the Gospel, into the cell of the prisoner, and the ward of the hospital. The numbers of sufferers assisted and blest in this way statistics cannot tell.

Into the hearts of the inmates of the jails and reformatories they have prayed their way. The corridors of the hospitals have echoed with Salvation songs. They have cheered the dull dreary tedium of sickness and imprisonment with unstinted supplies of bright Army literature, with music, with prayer, and, above all, with earnest sympathy.

Situations have been found in many instances for those who needed them, whilst a thousand little acts of kindness have smoothed the road for the coming of the Kingdom.

Many cheery meetings have been held with the members of the League by Mrs. Booth, whose songs and words of counsel are ever fraught with inspiration.

The attitude of the authorities towards this branch of our warfare is kindness itself. Every facility possible is allowed us. Warders, nurses, and officials alike treat our people in a courteous and respectful manner.

One remarkable case was the enrolment, by Mrs. Booth, of a lady who for nine years has been prostrate in pain and agony, with an incurable trouble, but who, nevertheless, felt

the back of the wall, where he saw a Man with a vessel of oil in His hand, of the which He did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire.

Then said Christian, What is the meaning of this?

The Interpreter answered, This is the Christ, Who continually, with the oil of His grace, maintains the work already begun; by the means of which, notwithstanding what the devil can do, the souls of His people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the Man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire, that is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained.

called by God to become a Salvation Soldier beneath "the flag with the fiery star."

The League has been in operation chiefly so far in Toronto, but it is being put into working order in other cities as rapidly as possible.

OUR NAVY.

On this fascinating subject we cannot do better than quote a few main facts once more from the *Cry*:

The *Glad Tidings*, a small schooner, was built three years ago for the work on the coast of Labrador, to which place many thousands of Newfoundland and Nova Scotian fisherman go every summer, and remain till the fall of the year. It was on this inhospitable shore, several years ago, that some of our brave comrades unfurled the flag of "red and blue," and in language, truly apostolic in its simplicity, told the crowd of Eskimos, Indians, and others, the story of a Saviour's love. In this dreary region they build barracks, consisting, no doubt, of the rough boulders found on the beach. Notwithstanding the roughness of the structures, these buildings have been hallowed by the presence of the Holy Ghost, and many a sad heart has found peace at their humble penitent-forms.

The *Glad Tidings* is to be put on the west coast for work amongst the islands and scattered hamlets, which cannot be reached in any other way. To take her place the *Salvationist* is being built, a much larger schooner, and more adapted to stand the rough seas of the Labrador coast. In addition to the usual equipment she will carry a large tent, which can be put up on the shore, and a good supply of camp stools with which to seat it. In addition to this, she will be armed to the teeth with hooks, lines, nets, jigs, knives, and every other necessity, for the catching and curing of fish. Fishing will be resorted to on those days when the fishermen are too busy to be get-at-able; thus, like Paul, our comrades will be able to do a considerable part of their own maintenance.

The "Glad Tidings."

The Gospel for the Eskimos.

"The Salvationist.

GOD BLESS THE "SALVATIONIST" ON THE ROUGH SEAS OF THE LABRADOR COAST.



Now, the value of a vessel of this kind is apparent to all who have had any experience of our work in Newfoundland. It will not only enable us to look after the spiritual welfare of our soldiers and converts—hundreds of whom spend the summer there; but also to do a considerable amount of aggressive work, in reaching those who are not accessible at any o'er time.

Many are the instances where men have left home in May godless and careless, and returned in the fall with hearts filled with God's love and with the songs of Salvation on their lips. God speed the *Salvationist* and the *Glad Tidings* and the whole of the Salvation Navy.

To this we would add that the Commandant in honor of the General's Jubilee Year has decided to add two more craft to our rapidly growing fleet.



DR.

BALANCE SHEET, September 30th, 1893.

CR.

LIABILITIES.	\$	c.	ASSETS.	\$	c.
To SUNDAY CREDITORS :-					
Printing Account ^{#8 yrs}	16,057	10	By Machinery and Plant	11,643	41
General Trade Account	30,879	01	Less Depreciation 10 per cent.	1,164	34
" Capital Account as per last statement.	8,016	24	" Stock	10,479	07
Less Profit and Loss Account.	87	71	" Sundry Debtors	21,487	96
Total	54,864	64	" Cash in hand.....	22,314	62
				582	99
			Total	54,864	64

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKELEY.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

Dr. TRADING AND PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FROM 1ST OCTOBER, 1892, TO 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1893. Cr.

EXPENDITURE.	\$ c	INCOME.	\$ c
To Stock, October 1st, 1892.	20,468 74	PRINTING DEPARTMENT :— By work done for the War Cry, Young Soldier, En Avant, and sundry pamphlets	30,457 65
" PRINTING DEPARTMENT :— Purchased of Paper, Ink, Photo-engraving, Manufacturing, Wages, etc	23,887 63	PUBLICATIONS AND OUTFIT :— Sale of War Cry, Young Soldier, En Avant,	47,399 31
Manufacturing, Wages, etc	1,765 99	Outfit and General Trade Sales	24,805 42
Rent, Rates, Fuel, Freight, Duty and Incidental expenses	932 95		72,104 73
Interest	1,164 34		
Depreciation on Plant and Machinery	27,750 91	" Stock on hand Sept. 30, 1893. Books and outfit	19,891 16
" PUBLICATIONS AND OUTFIT. Printing War Cry, Young Soldier and En Avant. Purchase of Merchandise and manufacturing wages	27,248 96	Paper, Ink, etc	1,596 80
Rent, Rates, Salaries, Freight, Duty and General Trade Expenses	21,356 76		21,487 96
6,376 32	54,082 04		
Balance carried down	20,848 65		
	124,050 34		
	124,050 34		
" Grants to the Headquarters Funds	20,334 33	" Balance brought down	
" " Poor Officers	602 03	Transfer from Capital Account	
Total	20,936 36	Total	20,936 36

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKEY.

PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE Account from October 1st, 1892, to September 30th, 1893. Cr.

EXPENDITURE.	\$ c.	INCOME.	\$ c.
To interest on Loans and Mortgages.....	12,519 92	By Rents, less Insurance.....	13,703 73
" Repairs and alterations	1,702 92	" Donations and Subscriptions.....	1,170 00
" Depreciation on Furniture.....	412 00	" Balance to S.A. Fund.....	2,627 13
" Legal Expenses	664 40		
" Taxes	484 41		
" Travelling	142 30		
" Working Expenses of Property Department.....	1,574 91		
Total.....	<u>17,500 86</u>	Total.....	<u>17,500 86</u>

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKELEY.

SOCIAL FUND.

GENERAL INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1893.

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKLEY.

DR. GENERAL INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT.—*Continued*

C.R.

EXPENDITURE.	INCOME.	EXPENDITURE.	INCOME.
<i>Brought forward</i>		<i>Brought forward</i>	
To Salaries of Staff and Employees	619 26	16,140 11	11,644 15
" Printing and Stationery	252 95		
" Gas, Fuel, Water and incidental expenses	248 65		
" Fitting up and opening expenses of the Montreal Shelter. ("Joe Beef")	182 89		
	3,069 20	4,372 95	
 RESCUE FUND.			
" Alterations, Fittings and Furniture	857 92		
" House-keeping	818 79		
" Rents	628 70		
Fuel, Gas and Water	253 74		
" Printing and Stationery	89 45		
Stable expenses, Travelling, Medical Fees and incidentally	399 02	3,047 62	
Total	23,560 68	

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct

JOSEPH BLAKELEY

CANADA.—

GENERAL INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1893.

Cr.

Dr.

EXPENDITURE.	\$ c.	\$ c.	INCOME.	\$ c.	\$ c.
TO HEADQUARTERS MAINTENANCE :—					
Rents of Offices and Staff Quarters.....	1,775 02			By Donations, and Subscriptions including Auxiliary League	546 10
Fuel, Lighting and Water.....	1,381 86			" Quarterly Collection (Less Ex's)	1,214 00
Postage and Telegraphs	1,346 77			" Sick and Wounded Fund	455 98
Printing and Stationery	744 87			Donations and Subscriptions	134 97
Salaries of Headquarters Staff	7,340 75			" Training Home Fund	20,334 33
General Offices expenses, Auditors, Fees and incidentals	1,658 67			" Trade Department Grants	6,977 40
" FIELD AND DIVISIONAL EXPENSES :—				" Proceeds of Harvest Festival and Exhibition Less Printing, Advertising, Travelling and incidental expenses	674 28
Grants to Poor Corps and Officers	10,905 91			" Self-Denial Fund	5,493 12
" " Divisional Centres	1,380 92			" Less Printing, Postage, Folding and incidentals	14,391 01
" " French Canadian Work	981 71				1,898 65
Travelling expenses of Officers	570 57				12,492 36
<i>Carried forward</i>			<i>Carried forward</i>		
			<i>27,789 05</i>		
				<i>40,580 86</i>	

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKELEY.

Dr.

GENERAL INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT.—*Continued.*

Cr.

EXPENDITURE.	\$	c.	INCOME.	\$	c.
<i>Brought forward</i>			<i>Brought forward</i>		
" Sick and Wounded Fund :—					
Maintenance of Home of Rest and grants to					
Sick Officers.....	27,787	05			
" Training Homes :—					
Grants to Garrisons, Printing and incidentals.	1,948	94			
" Expenses in connection with Appeals, Demon- strations, Advertising, etc	515	01			
	1,401	15			
" SOCIAL FUND :—					
Grant to Social Fund.....	1,500	00			
Grant to Rescue Fund.....	1,500	00			
Balance carried to Salvation Army Fund	3,000	00			
	5,928	71			
Total	<u>40,580</u>	<u>86</u>	Total	<u>40,580</u>	<u>86</u>

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKELEY.

Dr.
Cr.

BALANCE SHEET, September 30th, 1893.

LIABILITIES.	\$ c.	ASSETS.	\$ c.
To Loans on Mortgages and for fixed periods	242,281 83	By Freehold and Leasehold Property net	441,499 58
" International Headquarters Loan Account	9,479 41	" Furniture, Less Depreciation	7,827 88
" Building Fund to Credit of Corps.....	1,544 97	" Sundry Debtors	15,367 42
" Sundry Creditors	9,300 32	" Amount Due on Rescue Work	4,185 64
" Property Loan Account as per contra	10,845 29	" " " " Shelter	1,394 39
" The Salvation Army Fund as per last Balance Sheet	10,980 23	" " " " General Social Work	6,336 50
General Spiritual Fund, Income and Expenditure Account	214,930 84	" General Spiritual Fund Loan as per Contra	10,980 23
Property Department, Income and Expenditure Account	5,928 71	Balance at Bankers	4,227 54
Excess of Assets over Liabilities	2,627 13	Total	491,819 18
Total	3,301 58		
	218,232 42		
	491,819 18		

Audited and checked with the books and vouchers and found correct.

JOSEPH BLAKELEY.